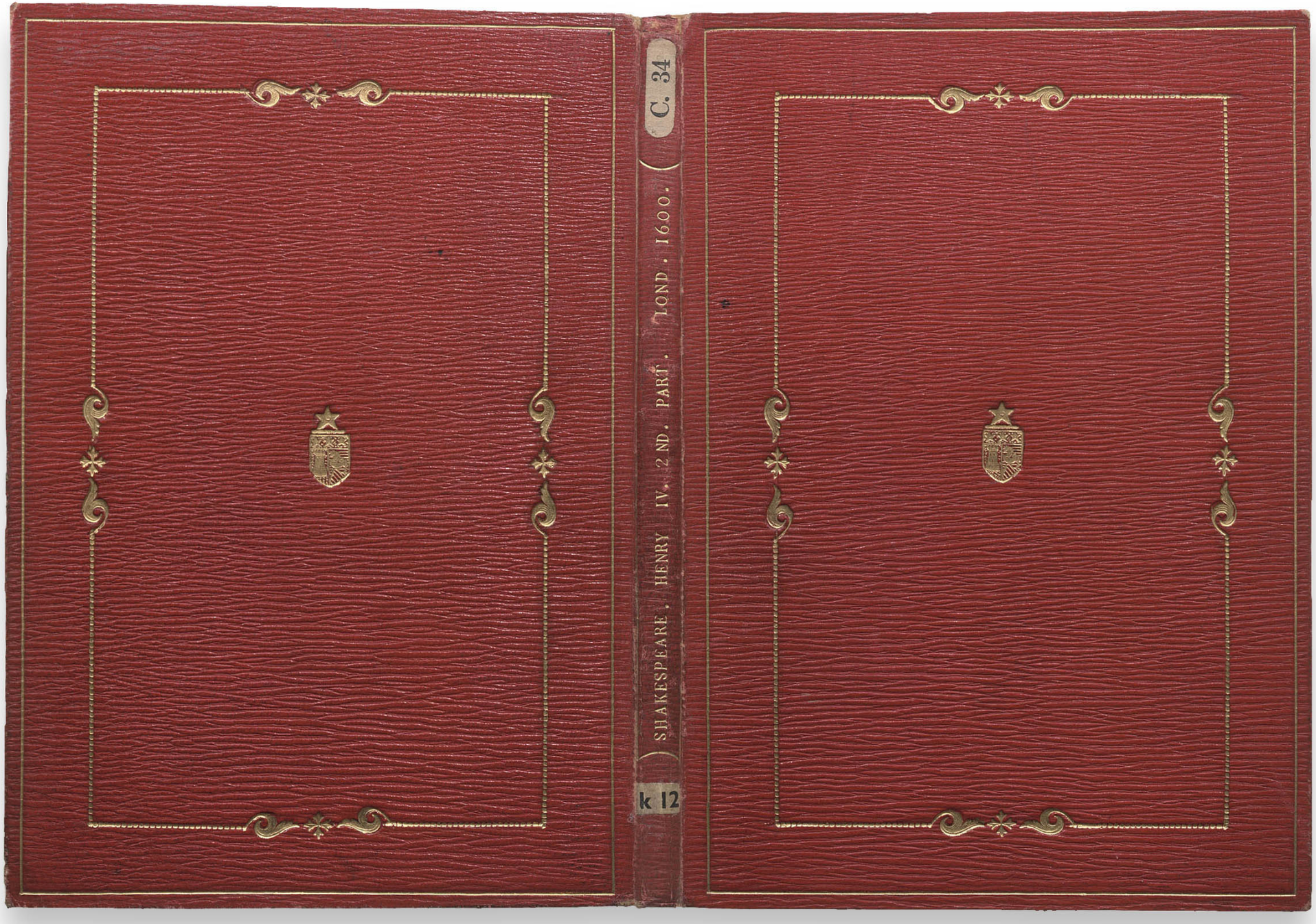
SHAKESPEARE. HENRY IV. 2ND. PART. LOND. 1600.
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C.34.k.12
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# THE Second part of Henrie the fourth, continuing to his death, *and coronation of Henrie* the fift.

With the humours of sir Iohn Fal-*ſtaffe, and ſwaggering* Piſtoll.

*As it hath been ſundrie times publikely* acted by the right honourable, the Lord Chamberlaine his ſeruants.

*Written by William Shakeſpeare.*

LONDON
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1600.

12

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

# The ſecond part of Henry the fourth, *continuing to his death, and coro-* nation of Henry the fift.

*Enter Rumour painted full of Tongues.*

OPen your eares; for which of you will ſtop
The vent of hearing, when lowd Rumor ſpeaks?
I from the Orient to the drooping Weſt,
(Making the wind my poſte-horſe) ſtill vnfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth,
Vpon my tongues continuall ſlanders ride,
The which in euery language I pronounce,
Stuffing the eares of men with falſe reports,
I ſpeake of peace while couert enmity,
Vnder the ſmile of ſafety, woundes the world:
And who but Rumor, who but onely I,
Make fearefull muſters, and prepar'd defence,
Whiles the bigge yeare, ſwolne with ſome other griefe,
Is thought with child by the ſterne tyrant Warre?
And no ſuch matter. Rumour is a pipe,
Blowne by ſurmizes, Iealouſies coniectures,
And of ſo eaſie, and ſo plaine a ſtop,
That the blunt monſter, with vncounted heads,
The ſtill diſcordant wau'ring multitude,
Can play vpon it. But what need I thus
(My wel knowne body) to anothomize
Among my houſhold? why is Rumor here?

I runne before King Harries victorie,
Who in a bloudy field by Shrewsbury,
Hath beaten downe yong Hot-spurre and his troopes,
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion,
Euen with the rebels bloud. But what meane I
To speake so true at first? my office is
To noyse abroad, that Harry Monmouth fell
Vnder the wrath of noble Hot-spurs sword,
And that the King before the Douglas rage,
Stoopt his annointed head as low as death.
This haue I rumour'd through the peasant townes,
Betweene that royall field of Shrewsbury,
And this worme-eaten hole of ragged stone,
When Hot-spurs father old Northumberland
Lies crafty sicke, the postes come tyring on,
And not a man of them brings other newes,
Than they haue learnt of me, from Rumors tongues,
They bring smooth comforts false, worse then true wrongs.

*exit Rumours.*

*Enter the Lord Bardolfe at one doore.*

*Bard.* Who keepes the gate here ho? where is the Earle?

*Porter* What shall I say you are?

*Bard.* Tell thou the Earle,
That the Lord Bardolfe doth attend him heere.

*Porter* His Lordship is walkt forth into the orchard,
Please it your honor knocke but at the gate,
And he himselfe will answer. *Enter the Earle Northumberland.*

*Bard.* Here comes the Earle.

*Earle.* What newes Lord Bardolfe? euery minute now
Should be the father of some Stratagem,
The times are wild, contention like a horse,
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,
And beares downe all before him.

*Bard.* Noble Earle,
I bring you certaine newes from Shrewsbury.

*Earle* Good, and God will.

*Bard.*



*Bard.* As good as heart can wish:
The King is almost wounded to the death,
And in the fortune of my Lord your sonne,
Prince Harry slaine outright, and both the Blunts
Kild by the hand of Dowglas, yong prince Iohn,
And Westmerland and Stafford fled the field,
And Harry Monmouthes brawne, the hulke sir Iohn,
Is prisoner to your sonne: O such a day!
So fought, so followed, and so fairely wonne,
Came not till now to dignifie the times
Since Cæsars fortunes.

*Earle* How is this deriu'd?
Saw you the field? came you from Shrewsbury?

*Bar.* I spake with one, my lord, that came from thence, *enter*
A gentleman well bred, and of good name, *Trauers.*
That freely rendred me these newes for true.

*Earle* Here comes my seruant Trauers who I sent
On tuesday last, to listen after newes.

*Bar.* My lord, I ouer-rode him on the way,
And he is furnisht with no certainties,
More then he haply may retale from me.

*Earle* Now Trauers, what good tidings comes with you?

*Trauers* My lord, sir Iohn Vmfreuile turnd me backe
With ioyfull tidings, and being better horst,
Out rode me, after him came spurring hard,
A gentleman almost forespent with speede,
That stopt by me to breathe his bloudied horse,
He askt the way to Chester, and of him
I did demand what newes from Shrewsbury,
He told me that rebellion had bad lucke,
And that yong Harrie Percies spur was cold:
With that he gaue his able horse the head,
And bending forward, strooke his armed heeles,
Against the panting sides of his poore iade,
Vp to the rowell head, and starting so,
He seem'd in running to deuoure the way,

Staying no longer queſtion. *Earle* Ha? againe,
Said he, yong Harry Percies ſpur was cold,
Of Hot-ſpurre, Cold-ſpurre, that rebellion
Had met ill lucke?
*Bard.* My lord, Ile tell you what,
If my yong Lord your ſonne, haue not the day,
Vpon mine honor for a ſilken point,
Ile giue my Barony, neuer talke of it.
*Earle* Why ſhould that gentleman that rode by Trauers,
Giue then ſuch inſtances of loſſe?
*Bard.* Who he?
He was ſome hilding fellow that had ſtolne
The horſe he rode on, and vpon my life
Spoke at a venter. Looke, here comes more news. *enter Mor-*
*Earle* Yea this mans brow, like to a title leafe, *ton.*
Foretells the nature of a tragicke volume,
So lookes the ſtrond whereon the imperious floud,
Hath left a witneſt vſurpation.
Say Mourton, didſt thou come from Shrewsbury?
*Mour.* I ranne from Shrewsbury my noble lord,
Where hatefull death put on his vglieſt maske,
To fright our partie.
*Earle* How doth my ſonne and brother?
Thou trembleſt, and the whitenes in thy cheeke,
Is apter then thy tongue to tell thy arrand,
Euen ſuch a man, ſo faint, ſo ſpirritleſſe,
So dull, ſo dead in looke, ſo woe begon,
Drew Priams curtaine in the dead of night,
And would haue told him, halfe his Troy was burnt:
But Priam found the fier, ere he, his tongue,
And I, my Percies death, ere thou report'ſt it.
This thou would'ſt ſay, Your ſon did thus and thus,
Your brother thus: ſo fought the noble Dowglas,
Stopping my greedy eare with their bold deedes,
But in the end, to ſtop my eare indeed,
Thou haſt a ſigh to blow away this praiſe,
Ending with brother, ſonne, and all are dead. *Mour.*



*Mour.* Douglas is liuing, and your brother yet,
But for my Lord your ſonne:
*Earle* Why he is dead?
See what a ready tongue Suſpition hath!
He that but feares the thing hee would not know,
Hath by inſtinct, knowledge from others eies,
That what he feard is chanced: yet ſpeake Mourton,
Tell thou an Earle, his diuination lies,
And I will take it as a ſweete diſgrace,
And make thee rich for doing me ſuch wrong.
*Mour.* You are too great to be by me gainſaid,
Your ſpirite is too true, your feares too certaine.
*Earle* Yet for all this, ſay not that Percie's dead,
I ſee a ſtrange confeſſion in thine eie,
Thou ſhak'ſt thy head, and hold'ſt it feare, or ſinne,
To ſpeake a truth: if he be ſlaine,
The tongne offends not that reports his death,
And he doth ſinne that doth belie the dead,
Not he which ſaies the dead is not aliue,
Yet the firſt bringer of vnwelcome newes
Hath but a looſing office, and his tongue
Sounds euer after as a ſullen bell,
Remembred tolling a departing friend.
*Bard.* I cannot thinke, my Lord, your ſonne is dead.
*Mour.* I am ſory I ſhould force you to beleeue,
That which I would to God I had not ſeene,
But theſe mine eies ſaw him in bloudy ſtate,
Rendring faint quittance, wearied, and out-breathd,
To Harry Monmouth, whoſe ſwift wrath beat downe
The neuer daunted Percy to the earth,
From whence with life he neuer more ſprung vp.
In few his death, whoſe ſpirite lent a fire,
Euen to the dulleſt peaſant in his campe,
Being bruted once, tooke fire and heate away,
From the beſt temperd courage in his troopes,
For from his mettal was his party ſteeled,

Which

Which once in him abated, al the reſt
Turnd on themſelues, like dull and heauy lead.
And as the thing thats heauy in it ſelfe,
Vpon enforcement flies with greateſt ſpeed:
So did our men, heauy in Hot-ſpurs loſſe,
Lend to this weight ſuch lightneſſe with their feare,
That arrowes fled not ſwifter toward their ayme,
Than did our ſouldiers aiming at their ſafetie,
Fly from the field: then was that noble Worceſter,
So ſoone tane priſoner, and that furious Scot,
The bloudy Douglas whoſe well labouring ſword,
Had three times ſlaine th'appearance of the King,
Gan vaile his ſtomacke, and did grace the ſhame
Of thoſe that turnd their backes, and in his flight,
Stumbling in feare, was tooke: the ſumme of all
Is, that the King hath wonne, and hath ſent out,
A ſpeedy power to incounter you my lord,
Vnder the conduct of yong Lancaſter,
And Weſtmerland: this is the news at ful.

*Earle* For this I ſhal haue time enough to mourne,
In poiſon there is phiſicke, and theſe newes,
Hauing beene wel, that would haue made me ſicke:
Being ſicke, haue (in ſome meaſure) made me wel:
And as the wretch whoſe feuer-weakned ioynts,
Like ſtrengthleſſe hinges buckle vnder life,
Impacient of his fit, breakes like a fire
Out of his keepers armes; euen ſo my limbes,
Weakened with griefe: being now enragde with griefe,
Are thrice themſelues: hence therfore thou nice crutch,
A ſcaly gauntlet now with ioynts of ſteele
Muſt gloue this hand, and hence thou ſickly coife,
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
Which princes, fleſht with conqueſt, ayme to hit:
Now bind my browes with yron, and approach
The raggedſt houre that Time and Spight dare bring,
To frowne vpon th'inragde Northumberland,





Let heauen kiſſe earth, now let not Natures hand
Keepe the wild floud confind, let Order die,
And let this world no longer be a ſtage,
To feed contention in a lingring act:
But let one ſpirite of the firſt borne Cain
Raigne in all boſomes, that ech heart being ſet
On bloudy courſes, the rude ſceane may end,
And darkneſſe be the burier of the dead.

*Vmfr.* This ſtrained paſſion doth you wrong my lord.

*Bard.* Sweet earle, diuorce not wiſedom from your honor,

*Mour.* The liues of all your louing complices,
Leaue on you health, the which if you giue ore,
To ſtormy paſſion muſt perforce decay.

*Bard.* We all that are ingaged to this loſſe,
Knew that we ventured on ſuch dangerous ſeas,
That if we wrought out life, twas ten to one,
And yet we venturd for the gaine propoſde,
Choakt the reſpect of likely perill fear'd,
And ſince we are oreſet, venture againe:
Come, we will al put forth body and goods.

*Mour.* Tis more then time, and my moſt noble lord,
I heare for certaine, and dare ſpeake the truth.

*North.* I knew of this before, but to ſpeake truth,
This preſent griefe had wipte it from my mind,
Go in with me and counſell euery man,
The apteſt way for ſafety and reuenge,
Get poſtes and letters, and make friends with ſpeed,
Neuer ſo few, and neuer yet more need. *exeunt.*

*Enter ſir Iohn alone, with his page bearing his ſword and buckler.*

*Iohn* Sirra, you giant, what ſaies the doctor to my water?

*Page* He ſaid ſir, the water it ſelf was a good healthy water, but for the party that owed it, he might haue moe diſeaſes then he knew for.

*Iohn* Men of al sorts take a pride to gird at me: the braine of this foolish compoũded clay-man is not able to inuent any thing that intends to laughter, more then I inuent, or is inuẽted on me, I am not only witty in my selfe, but the cause that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee, like a sow that hath ouerwhelmd al her litter but one, if the prince put thee into my seruice for any other reason then to sett me off, why then I haue no iudgement, thou horeson mandrake, thou art fitter to be worne in my cap, then to wait at my heels I was neuer manned with an agot till now, but I wil in-set you, neither in golde nor siluer, but in vile apparell, and send you backe againe to your master for a iewell, the iuuenall the prince your master, whose chin is not yet fledge, I will sooner haue a beard grow in the palme of my hand, then he shal get one off his cheek, & yet he will not sticke to say his face is a face royal, God may finish it when he will, tis not a haire amisse yet, he may keepe it still at a face royall, for a barber shall neuer earne sixpence out of it, and yet heele be crowing as if he had writte man euer since his father was a batcheler, he may keepe his owne grace, but hees almost out of mine I can assure him: what said master Dommelton about the sattin for my short cloake and my sloppes?

*Boy* He saide sir, you should procure him better assurance then Bardolfe, he would not take his band and yours, he liked not the securitie.

*sir Iohn* Let him be damn'd like the glutton, pray God his tongue be hotter, a horeson Achitophella rascall: yea forsooth knaue, to beare a gentle man in hand, and then stand vpon security, the horson smoothy-pates doe now weare nothing but hie shooes and bunches of keyes at their girdles, and if a man is through with them in honest taking vp, then they must stand vppon security, I had as liue they would put ratsbane in my mouth as offer to stop it with security, I lookt a should haue sent me two and twenty yards of sattin (as I am a true knight,) and he sends me security: well he may sleepe in security, for he hath the horne of aboundance, and the lightnesse of his wife shines



shines through it: wheres Bardolf, & yet can not he see though he haue his owne lanthorne to light him.

*Boy* Hees gone in Smithfield to buy your worship a horse.

*sir Iohn* I bought him in Paules, and heele buy me a horse in Smithfield, and I could get me but a wife in the stewes, I were man'd, horsde, and wiu'd.

*Enter Lord chiefe Iustice.*

*Boy* Sir, here comes the noble man that committed the prince for striking him about Bardolfe.

*sir Iohn* Wait close, I will not see him.

*Iustice* Whats hee that goes there?

*seru.* Falstaffe, and't please your lordship.

*Iust.* He that was in question for the rob'ry?

*seru.* He my Lord, but he hath since done good seruice at Shrewsbury, & (as I heare,) is now going with some charge to the lord Iohn of Lancaster.

*Iust.* What to Yorke? call him backe againe.

*seru.* Sir Iohn Falstaffe.

*Iohn* Boy, tell him I am deafe.

*Boy* You must speake lowder, my master is deafe.

*Iust.* I am sure he is to the hearing of any thing good, goe plucke him by the elbow, I must speake with him.

*seru.* Sir Iohn?

*Falst.* What? a yong knaue and begging? is there not wars? is there not employment? doth not the King lacke subiects? do not the rebels need souldiers, though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg then to be on the worst side, were it worse then the name of Rebellion can tell how to make it.

*seru.* You mistake me sir.

*Iohn* Why sir, did I say you were an honest man, setting my knighthood and my souldiership aside, I had lied in my throat if I had said so.

*seru.* I pray you sir then set your knighthood, and your soldiership aside, and giue me leaue to tell you, you lie in your throate, if you say I am any other then an honest man.

*Iohn* I giue thee leaue to tell me, ſo I lay aſide that which growes to me, if thou getſt any leaue of me, hang me, if thou takſt leaue, thou wert better be hangd, you hunt coũter, hence, auaunt.

*Seru.* Sir, my Lord would ſpeake with you.

*Iuſt.* Sir Iohn Falſtaffe, a word with you.

*Falſt.* My good Lord. God giue your lordſhip good time of day, I am glad to ſee your lordſhip abroade, I heard ſay your lordſhip was ſicke, I hope your lordſhip goes abroade by aduiſe, your lordſhip, though not clean paſt your youth, haue yet ſome ſmack of an ague in you, ſome reliſh of the ſaltnes of time in you, and I moſt humbly beſeech your lordſhip to haue a reuerend care of your health.

*Iuſtice* Sir Iohn, I ſent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

*ſir Iohn* And t pleaſe your lorſhip, I heare his maieſty is returnd with ſome diſcomfort from Wales.

*Iuſt.* I talke not of his maieſty, you would not come when I ſent for you.

*Falſt.* And I heare moreouer, his highnes is falne into this ſame horſon apoplexi.

*Iuſt.* Well, God mend him, I pray you let me ſpeake with you.

*Falſt.* This appoplexi as I take it? is a kind of lethergie, and't pleaſe your lordſhip, a kind of ſleeping in the bloud, a horſon tingling.

*Iuſt.* What tell you me of it, be it as it is.

*Falſt.* It hath it originall from much griefe, from ſtudy and perturbation of the braine, I haue read the cauſe of his effects in Galen, it is a kind of deafenes.

*Iuſt.* I think you are falne into the diſeaſe, for you heare not what I ſay to you.

*Old.* Very wel my lord, very wel, rather and't pleaſe you it is the diſeaſe of not liſtning, the maladie of not marking that I am troubled withall.

*Iuſt.* To puniſh you by the heeles, would amend the attention



tion of your eares, and I care not if I doe become your phiſitian.

*Falſt.* I am as poore as Iob my lord, but not ſo pacient, your Lordſhip may miniſter the potion of impriſonment to me, in reſpect of pouerty, but how I ſhould be your pacient to follow your preſcriptions, the wiſe may make ſom dramme of a ſcruple, or indeede a ſcruple it ſelfe.

*Iuſt.* I ſent for you when there were matters againſt you for your life to come ſpeake with me.

*Falſt.* As I was then aduiſde by my learned counſail in the lawes of this land ſeruice, I did not come.

*Iuſt.* Wel, the truth is ſir Iohn, you liue in great infamy.

*Falſt.* He that buckles himſelfe in my belt cannot liue in leſſe.

*Iuſt.* Your meanes are very ſlender, and your waſte is great.

*Falſt.* I would it were otherwiſe, I would my meanes were greater and my waſte ſlender.

*Iuſt.* You haue miſled the youthfull prince.

*Falſt.* The yong prince hath miſled me, I am the felow with the great belly, and he my dogge.

*Iuſt.* Wel, I am loth to gall a new heald wound, your daies ſeruice at Shrewsbury, hath a little guilded ouer your nights exploit on Gadshill, you may thanke th'vnquiet time, for your quiet orepoſting that action.

*Falſt.* My lord.

*Iuſt.* But ſince all is well, keepe it ſo, wake not a ſleeping wolfe.

*Falſt.* To wake a wolfe, is as bad as ſmell a fox.

*Iuſt.* What you are as a candle, the better part, burnt out.

*Falſt.* A waſſel candle my lord, all tallow, if I did ſay of wax, my growth would approue the truth.

*Iuſt.* There is not a white haire in your face, but ſhould haue his effect of grauity.

*Falſt.* His effect of grauy, grauie, grauie.

*Iuſt.* You follow the yong prince vp and downe, like his ill angell.

*Falſt.* Not ſo my lord, your ill angell is light, but I hope he that lookes vpon me will take me without weighing, and yet in ſome reſpects I grant I cannot go. I cannot tell, vertue is of ſo little regard in theſe coſtar-mongers times, that true valour is turnd Herod, Pregnancie is made a Tapſter, & his quick wit waſted in giuing reckonings, all the other giftes appertinent to man, as the malice of his age ſhapes the one not worth a goosbery, you that are old conſider not the capacities of vs that are yong, you doe meaſure the heate of our liuers with the bitterneſſe of your galles, and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I muſt confeſſe are wagges too.

*Lo.* Do you ſet downe your name in the ſcroule of youth, that are written downe, old with all the characters of age? haue you not a moiſt eie, a dry hand, a yelow cheeke, a white beard, a decreaſing leg, an increaſing belly? is not your voice broken, your winde ſhort, your chinne double, your wit ſingle, and euery part about you blaſted with antiquitie, and will you yet call your ſelfe yong? fie, fie, fie, ſir Iohn.

*Iohn* My Lorde, I was borne about three of the clocke in the afternoone, with a white head, and ſomething a round bellie, for my voyce, I haue loſt it with hallowing, and ſinging of Anthems: to approoue my youth further, I will not: the truth is, I am onely olde in iudgement and vnderſtanding: and hee that wil caper with me for a thouſand markes, let him lend me the money, and haue at him for the boxe of the yeere that the Prince gaue you, he gaue it like a rude Prince, and you tooke it like a ſenſible Lord: I haue checkt him for it, and the yong lion repents, mary not in aſhes and ſackcloth, but in new ſilke, and olde ſacke.

*Lord* Well, God ſend the prince a better companion.

*Iohn* God ſend the companion a better prince, I cannot ridde my hands of him.

*Lord* Well, the King hath ſeuerd you: I heare you are going with lord Iohn of Lancaſter, againſt the Archbiſhop and the Earle of Northumberland.

*Iohn* Yea, I thanke your prety ſweet witte for it: but looke you



you pray, all you that kiſſe my lady Peace at home, that our armies ioyne not in a hote day, for, by the Lord, I take but two ſhirts out with me, and I meane not to ſweate extraordinarily: if it be a hot day, & I brandiſh any thing but a bottle. I would I might neuer ſpit white again: there is not a dangerous action can peepe out his head, but I am thruſt vpon it. Wel, I cannot laſt euer, but it was alway yet the tricke of our Engliſh nation, if they haue a good thing, to make it too common. If yee will needs ſay I am an olde man, you ſhould giue me reſt: I would to God my name were not ſo terrible to the enemy as it is, I were better to be eaten to death with a ruſt, than to be ſcoured to nothing with perpetuall motion.

*Lord* Well, be honeſt, be honeſt, and God bleſſe your expedition.

*Iohn* Will your lordſhip lend me a thouſand pound to furniſh me forth?

*Lord* Not a penny, not a penny, you are too impatient to beare croſſes: fare you well: commend mee to my cooſine Weſtmerland.

*Iohn* If I do, fillip me with a three man beetle: A man can no more ſeparate age and couetouſneſſe, than a can part yong limbs and lechery, but the gowt galles the one, and the pox pinches the other, and ſo both the degrees preuent my curſes,

*Boy* Sir. (boy.

*Iohn* What money is in my purſe?

*Boy* Seuen groates and two pence.

*Iohn* I can get no remedy againſt this conſumption of the purſe, borrowing onely lingers and lingers it out, but the diſeaſe is incurable: Go beare this letter to my lord of Lancaſter, this to the Prince, this to the Earle of Weſtmerland, and this to olde miſtris Vrſula, whome I haue weekely ſworne to marry ſince I perceiud the firſt white haire of my chin: about it, you know where to finde me: a pox of this gowt, or a gowt of this pox, for the one or the other playes the rogue with my great toe. Tis no matter if I doe hault, I haue the warres for my color, and my penſion ſhal ſeeme the more reaſonable: a good

wit

wit will make vſe of any thing; I will turne diſeaſes to commo-
ditie.

*Enter th' Archbiſhop, Thomas Mowbray (Earle Marſhall) the Lord Haſtings, Fauconbridge, and Bardolfe.*

*Biſhop* Thus haue you heard our cauſe, and knowne our (meanes,
And my moſt noble friends, I pray you al
Speake plainely your opinions of our hopes,
And firſt Lord Marſhall, what ſay you to it?

*Marſh.* I well allow the occaſion of our armes,
But gladly would be better ſatisfied,
How in our meanes we ſhould aduance our ſelues,
To looke with forehead, bold, and big enough,
Vpon the power and puiſſance of the King.

*Haſt.* Our preſent muſters grow vpon the file,
To fiue and twenty thouſand men of choiſe,
And our ſupplies liue largely in the hope
Of great Northumberland, whoſe boſome burnes
With an incenſed fire of iniuries.

*Bard.* The queſtion then Lord Haſtings ſtandeth thus,
Whether our preſent fiue and twentie thouſand,
May hold vp head without Northumberland.

*Haſt.* With him we may.

*Bard.* Yea mary, theres the point,
But if without him we be thought too feeble,
My iudgement is we ſhould not ſtep too far.

*Biſh.* Tis very true lord Bardolfe, for indeede
It was yong Hot-ſpurs cauſe at Shrewsbury.

*Bard.* It was my Lord, who lined himſelfe with hope,
Eating the ayre, and promiſe of ſupplie,
Flattring himſelfe in proiect of a power,
Much ſmaller then the ſmalleſt of his thoughts,
And ſo with great imagination,
Proper to mad-men, led his powers to death,
And winking, leapt into deſtruction.

*Haſt.* But by your leaue it neuer yet did hurt,





To lay downe likelihoods and formes of hope.

*Bard.* We fortifie in paper, and in figures,
Vſing the names of men in ſteed of men,
Like on that drawes the model of an houſe,
Beyond his power to build it, who (halfe thorough)
Giues o're, and leaues his part-created coſt,
A naked ſubiect to the weeping clowdes,
And waſte for churliſh winters tyrannie.

*Haſt.* Grant that our hopes (yet likely of faire birth)
Should be ſtil-borne, and that we now poſſeſt
The vtmoſt man of expectation,
I thinke we are ſo, body ſtrong enough,
Euen as we are to equal with the King.

*Bard.* What, is the King but fiue and twenty thouſand?

*Haſt.* To vs no more, nay not ſo much, Lord Bardolfe,
For his diuiſions, as the times do brawle,
And in three heads, one power againſt the French,
And one againſt Glendower, perforce a third
Muſt take vp vs, ſo is the vnfirme King
In three diuided, and his coffers ſound
With hollow pouertie and emptineſſe.

*Biſh.* That he ſhould draw his ſeuerall ſtrengths togither,
And come againſt vs in full puiſſance,
Need not to be dreaded.

*Haſt.* If he ſhould do ſo, French and Welch he leaues his back vnarmde, they baying him at the heeles, neuer feare that.

*Bar.* Who is it like ſhould leade his forces hither?

*Haſt.* The Duke of Lancaſter and Weſtmerland:
Againſt the Welſh, himſelf and Harry Monmouth:
But who is ſubſtituted againſt the French
I haue no certaine notice.

*Biſh.* Shall we go draw our numbers, and ſet on?

*Haſt.* We are Times ſubiects, and Time bids be gone. *ex.*

*Enter Hoſteſſe of the Tauerne, and an Officer or two.*

*Hoſteſſe* Maſter Phang, haue you entred the action?

*Phang* It is entred.

*Hoſt.* Wheres your yeoman? iſt a luſty yeoman? wil a ſtand too't?

*Phang* Sirra, wheres Snare?

*Hoſt.* O Lord I, good maſter Snare.

*Snare* Here, here.

*Phang* Snare, we muſt areſt ſir Iohn Falſtaffe.

*Hoſt.* Yea good maſter Snare, I haue entred him and all.

*Snare* It may chaunce coſt ſome of vs our liues, for he will ſtabbe.

*Hoſt.* Alas the day, take heed of him, he ſtabd me in mine owne houſe, moſt beaſtly in good faith, a cares not what miſchiefe he does, if his weapon be out, he will foyne like any diuell, he will ſpare neither man, woman, nor child.

*Phang* If I can cloſe with him, I care not for his thruſt.

*Hoſt.* No nor I neither, Ile be at your elbow.

*Phang* And I but fiſt him once, and a come but within my view.

*Hoſt.* I am vndone by his going, I warrant you, hees an infinitiue thing vppon my ſcore, good maiſter Phang holde him ſure, good maſter Snare let him not ſcape, a comes continually to Pie corner (ſauing your manhoods) to buy a ſaddle, and he is indited to dinner to the Lubbers head in Lumbert ſtreete to maſter Smooths the ſilk man, I pray you ſince my exion is entred, and my caſe ſo openly knowne to the worlde, let him be brought in to his anſwer, a hundred marke is a long one, for a poore lone woman to beare, and I haue borne, and borne, and borne, and haue bin fubd off, and fubd off, and fubd off from this day to that day, that it is a ſhame to be thought on, there is no honeſty in ſuch dealing, vnleſſe a woman ſhould be made an aſſe, and a beaſt, to beare euery knaues wrong: yonder he comes, and that arrant malmſie-noſe knaue Bardolfe with him, do your offices do your offices maſter Phāg, & maſter Snare, do me, do me, do me your offices.

*Enter ſir Iohn, and Bardolfe, and the boy.*





*Falſt.* How now, whoſe mare's dead? whats the matter?

*Phang* I arreſt you at the ſute of miſtris, quickly.

*Falſt.* Away varlets, draw Bardolfe, cut me off the villaines head, throw the queane in the channell.

*Hoſt.* Throw me in the channell? Ile throw thee in the channel, wilt thou, wilt thou, thou baſtardly rogue, murder murder, a thou honiſuckle villaine, wilt thou kill Gods officers and the Kings? a thou honiſeed rogue, thou art a honiſeed, a man queller, and a woman queller.

*Falſt.* Keepe them off Bardolfe.

*Offic.* A reskew, a reskew.

*Hoſt.* Good people bring a reskew or two, thou wot, wot thou, thou wot, wot ta, do do thou rogue, do thou hempſeed.

*Boy* Away you ſcullian, you rampallian, you fuſtilarian, ile tickle your cataſtrophe.

*Enter Lord chiefe iuſtice and his men.*

*Lord* What is the matter? keepe the peace here, ho.

*Hoſteſſe* Good my lord be good to me, I beſeech you ſtand to me.

*Lord* How now ſir Iohn, what are you brawling here?
Doth this become your place, your time, and buſineſſe?
You ſhould haue bin well on your way to Yorke:
Stand from him fellow, wherefore hang'ſt thou vpon him.

*Hoſt.* O my moſt worſhipful Lord, and't pleaſe your grace I am a poore widdow of Eaſtcheape, and he is arreſted at my ſute.

*Lord* For what ſumme?

*Hoſt.* It is more then for ſome my Lord, it is for al I haue, he hath eaten me out of houſe and home, he hath put all my ſubſtance into that fat belly of his, but I wil haue ſome of it out againe, or I wil ride thee a nights like the mare.

*Falſt.* I think I am as like to ride the mare if I haue any vantage of ground to get vp.

*Lord* How comes this ſir Iohn? what man of good temper would endure this tempeſt of exclamation; are you not aſhamed to inforce a poore widdow, to ſo rough a courſe to come

by her owne.

*Falſt.* What is the groſſe ſumme that I owe thee?

*Hoſt.* Mary if thou wert an honeſt man thy ſelfe and the mony too: thou didſt ſweare to me vpon a parcell guilt goblet, ſitting in my dolphin chamber, at the round table by a ſea cole fire, vpon wedneſday in Wheeſon weeke, when the prince broke thy head, for liking his father to a ſinging man of Windſor, thou didſt ſweare to me thē, as I was waſhing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife, canſt thou deny it, did not goodwife Keech the butchers wife come in then and cal me goſſip Quickly, comming in to borow a meſſe of vinegar, telling vs ſhe had a good diſh of prawnes, whereby thou didſt deſire to eate ſome, whereby I told thee they were ill for a greene wound, and didſt thou not, when ſhe was gone down ſtayers, deſire me, to be no more ſo familiarity, with ſuch poore people, ſaying that ere long they ſhould cal me madam, and didſt thou not kiſſe me, and bid me fetch thee thirtie ſhillings, I put thee now to thy booke oath, denie it if thou canſt.

*Falſt.* My lord this is a poore made ſoule, and ſhe ſaies vp and downe the towne, that her eldeſt ſonne is like you, ſhe hath bin in good caſe, and the trueth is pouerty hath diſtracted her, but for theſe fooliſh officers, I beſeech you I may haue redreſſe againſt them.

*Lo.* Sir Iohn, ſir Iohn, I am wel acquainted with your maner of wrenching the true cauſe, the falſe way: it is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with ſuch more then impudent ſawcines from you, can thruſt me from a leuel conſideration: you haue as it appeares to me practiſde vpon the eaſie yeelding ſpirite of this woman, and made her ſerue your vſes both in purſe and in perſon.

*Hoſt.* Yea in truth my Lord.

*Lo.* Pray thee peace, pay her the debt you owe her, and vnpay the villany you haue done with her, the one you may doe with ſterling mony, and the other with currant repentance.

*Falſt.* My Lord I will not vndergoe this ſnepe without reply, you cal honorable boldnes impudent ſawcineſſe, if a man wil



wil make curtſie and ſay nothing, he is vertuous, no my Lord my humble duty remembred, I will not bee your ſuter, I ſay to you I do deſire deliuerance from theſe officers, being vpon haſty imployment in the Kings affayres.

*Lord* You ſpeake as hauing powyer to do wrong, but anſwer in th'effect of your reputation, and ſatisfie the poore woman.

*Falſt.* Come hither hoſteſſe.

*Lord* Now maſter Gower, what newes. *enter a meſſenger.*

*Gower* The King my Lord, and Harry prince of Wales,
Are neare at hand, the reſt the paper tells.

*Falſt.* As I am a gentleman!

*Hoſt.* Faith you ſaid ſo before.

*Falſt.* As I am a gentleman, come, no more words of it.

*Hoſt.* By this heaunly ground I tread on, I muſt be faine to pawne both my plate, & the tapeſtry of my dining chambers.

*Falſt.* Glaſſes glaſſes is the onely drinking, and for thy wals a pretty ſleight drollery, or the ſtorie of the prodigal, or the Iarman hunting in waterworke, is worth a thouſand of theſe bed-hangers, and theſe flie bitten tapeſtrie, let it be x. ℔ if thou canſt: come, and twere not for thy humors, theres not a better wench in England, goe waſh thy face and draw the action, come thou muſt not be in this humor with me, doſt not know me, come, come, I know thou waſt ſet on to this.

*Hoſt.* Pray thee ſir Iohn let it be but twentie nobles, ifaith I am loath to pawne my plate ſo God ſaue me law.

*Falſt.* Let it alone, ile make other ſhift, youle be a foole ſtil.

*Hoſt.* Well, you ſhall haue it, though I pawne my gowne, I hope youle come to ſupper, youle pay me al together.

*Falſt.* Wil I liue? goe with her, with her, hooke on, hooke on. *exit hoſteſſe and ſergeant.*

*Hoſt.* Will you haue Doll Tere-ſheet meete you at ſupper.

*Falſt.* No more words, lets haue her.

*Lord* I haue heard better newes.

*Falſt.* Whats the newes my lord?

*Lord* Where lay the King to night?

*Meſſ.* At Billingſgate my Lord.

*Falſt.* I hope my Lord al's wel, what is the newes my lord?

*Lord* Come all his forces backe?

*Meſſ.* No, fifteen hundred foot, fiue hundred horſe
Are marcht vp to my lord of Lancaſter,
Againſt Northumberland, and the Archbiſhop.

*Falſt.* Comes the King back from Wales, my noble lord?

*Lord* You ſhall haue letters of me preſently,
Come, go along with me, good maſter Gower.

*Falſt.* My lord.

*Lord* Whats the matter?

*Falſtaffe* Maiſter Gower, ſhall I intreate you with mee to dinner?

*Gower* I muſt waite vpon my good lord here, I thank you good ſir Iohn.

*Lord* Sir Iohn, you loyter heere too long,
Being you are to take ſouldiers vp
In Counties as you go.

*Falſtaffe* Will you ſuppe with mee maiſter Gower?

*Lord* What fooliſh maiſter taught you theſe manners, ſir Iohn?

*Falſtaffe* Maiſter Gower, if they become me not, hee was a foole that taught them mee: this is the right fencing grace, my Lord, tap for tap, and ſo part faire.

*Lord* Now the Lord lighten thee, thou art a great foole.

*Enter the Prince, Poynes, ſir Iohn Ruſſel, with other.*

*Prince* Before God, I am exceeding weary.

*Poynes* Iſt come to that? I had thought wearines durſt not haue attacht one of ſo hie bloud.

*Prince* Faith it does me, though it diſcolors the complexion of my greatnes to acknowledge it: doth it not ſhew vildly in me, to deſire ſmall beere?

*Poynes* Why a Prince ſhould not be ſo looſely ſtudied, as to remember ſo weake a compoſition.

*Prince* Belike then my appetite was not princely gote, for by my troth, I do now remember the poor creature ſmal beere.

But



But indeed theſe humble conſiderations make me out of loue with my greatneſſe. What a diſgrace is it to mee to remember thy name? or to know thy face to morow? or to take note how many paire of ſilke ſtockings thou haſt with theſe, and thoſe that were thy peach colourd once, or to beare the inuentorie of thy ſhirts, as one for ſuperfluitie, and another for vſe. But that the Tennis court keeper knows better than I, for it is a low eb of linnen with thee when thou keepeſt not racket there, as thou haſt not done a great while, becauſe the reſt of the low Countries haue eate vp thy holland: and God knows whether thoſe that bal out the ruines of thy linnen ſhal inherite his kingdom: but the Midwines ſay, the children are not in the fault where-vpon the world increaſes, and kinreds are mightily ſtrengthened.

*Poynes* How ill it followes, after you haue labored ſo hard, you ſhould talke ſo ydlely! tell me how many good yong princes woulde doe ſo, their fathers being ſo ſicke, as yours at this time is.

*Prince* Shall I tel thee one thing Poynes?

*Poynes* Yes faith, and let it be an excellent good thing.

*Prince* It ſhall ſerue among wittes of no higher breeding then thine.

*Poynes* Go to, I ſtand the puſh of your one thing that you will tell.

*Prince* Mary I tell thee it is not meete that I ſhould bee ſad now my father is ſicke, albeit I could tell to thee, as to one it pleaſes me for fault of a better to call my friend, I could be ſad, and ſad indeede too.

*Poynes* Very hardly, vpon ſuch a ſubiect.

*Prince* By this hand, thou thinkeſt me as farre in the diuels booke, as thou and Falſtaffe, for obduracie and perſiſtancie, let the end trie the man, but I tel thee, my heart bleeds inwardly that my father is ſo ſick, and keeping ſuch vile company as thou arte, hath in reaſon taken from me all oſtentation of ſorrowe.

*Poynes* The reaſon.

*Prince.*

*Prince* What wouldſt thou thinke of me if I ſhould weep?

*Poynes* I woulde thincke thee a moſt princely hypocrite.

*Prince* It would bee euery mans thought, and thou arte a bleſſed felow, to thinke as euery man thinkes, neuer a mans thought in the world, keepes the rode way better then thine, euerie man would thinke me an hypocrite indeede, and what accites your moſt worſhipfull thought to thinke ſo?

*Poynes* Why becauſe you haue been ſo lewd and ſo much engraffed to Falſtaffe. *Prince* And to thee.

*Poyne* By this light I am well ſpoke on, I can heare it with mine owne eares, the worſt that they can ſay of me is that I am a ſecond brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands, and thoſe two things I confeſſe I cannot helpe: by the maſſe here comes Bardolfe.

*Enter Bardolfe and boy.*

*Prince* And the boy that I gaue Falſtaffe, a had him from me Chriſtian, and looke if the fat villaine haue not transformd him Ape.

*Bard.* God ſaue your grace.

*Prince* And yours moſt noble Bardolfe.

*Poynes* Come you vertuous aſſe, you baſhfull foole, muſt you be bluſhing, wherefore bluſh you now? what a maidenly man at armes are you become? iſt ſuch a matter to get a pottle-pots maidenhead?

*Boy* A calls me enow my Lord, through a red lattice, and I could diſcerne no part of his face from the window, at laſt I ſpied his eies, and me thought he had made two holes in the ale wiues peticote and ſo peept through.

*Prince* Has not the boy profited?

*Bard.* Away you horſon vpright rabble, away.

*Boy* Away you raſcally Altheas dreame, away.

*Prince* Inſtruct vs boy, what dreame boy?

*Boy* Mary my lord, Althea dreampt ſhe was deliuered of a firebrand, and therefore I call him her dreame.

*Prince* A crownes worth of good interpretation there tis boy.

*Poines*



*Poines* O that this bloſſome could be kept from cankers! well, there is ſixpence to preſerue thee.

*Bard.* And you do not make him hangd among you, the gallowes ſhall haue wrong.

*Prince* And how doth thy maſter Bardolfe?

*Bard.* Well my Lord, he heard of your graces comming to towne, theres a letter for you.

*Poynes* Deliuerd with good reſpect, and how doth the martlemaſſe your maſter?

*Bard.* In bodily health ſir.

*Poynes* Mary the immortall part needes a phiſitian, but that moues not him, though that be ſicke, it dies not.

*Prince* I do allow this Wen to be as familiar with me, as my dogge, and he holds his place, for looke you how he writes.

*Poynes* Iohn Falſtaffe Knight, euery man muſt know that as oft as he has occaſion to name himſelfe: euen like thoſe that are kin to the King for they neuer pricke their finger, but they ſaye, theres ſome of the Kings bloud ſpilt: how comes that (ſaies he) that takes vppon him not to conceiue the anſwer is as ready as a borowed cap: I am the Kings poore coſin, ſir.

*Prince* Nay they will be kin to vs, or they will fetch it from Iaphet, but the letter, Sir Iohn Falſtaffe knight, to the ſonne of the king, neareſt his father, Harry prince of Wales, greeting.

*Poynes* Why this is a certificate.

*Prince* Peace.

I will imitate the honourable Romanes in breuitie.

*Poynes* He ſure meanes breuity in breath, ſhort winded,

I commend mee to thee, I commend thee, and, I leaue thee, be not too familiar with Poynes, for he miſuſes thy fauours ſo much, that he ſweares thou art to marry his ſiſter Nel, repent at idle times as thou maiſt, and ſo farwel.

Thine by yea, and no, which is as much as to ſay, as thou vſeſt him, Iacke Falſtaffe with my family, Iohn with my brothers and ſiſters, and ſir Iohn with all Europe.

*Poynes* My Lord, Ile ſteep this letter in ſacke and make him

eate it.

*Prince* Thats to make him eate twenty of his words,but do you vſe me, thus Ned? muſt I marrie your ſiſter?

*Poynes* God ſend the wench no worſe fortune, but I neuer ſaid ſo.

*Prince* Wel,thus we play the fooles with the time, and the ſpirits of the wiſe ſit in the clowdes and mocke vs, is your maſter here in London?

*Bard.* Yea my Lord.

*Prince* Where ſups he? doth the old boare feede in the old Franke?

*Bard.* At the old place,my lord,in Eaſtcheape.

*Prince* VVhat companie?

*Boy* Epheſians, my lord, of the old church.

*Prince* Sup any women with him?

*Boy* None my lord,but old miſtris Quickly,and miſtris Dol Tere-ſheet.

*Prince* VVhat Pagan may that be?

*Boy* A proper gentlewoman ſir, and a kinſwoman of my maſters.

*Prince* Euen ſuch kinne as the pariſh Heicfors are to the towne bull, ſhall we ſteale vpon them Ned at ſupper?

*Poynes* I am your ſhadow my Lord,ile follow you.

*Prince* Sirra,you boy and Bardolfe, no worde to your maſter that I am yet come to towne;theres for your ſilence.

*Bar.* I haue no tongue ſir.

*Boy* And for mine ſir,I will gouerne it.

*Prince* Fare you well: go, this Doll Tere-ſheete ſhould be ſome rode.

*Poyns* I warrant you, as common as the way between S.Albons and London.

*Prince* How might we ſee Falſtaffe beſtow himſelf to night in his true colours, and not our ſelues be ſeene?

*Poynes* Put on two letherne ierkins and aprons, and waite vpon him at his table as drawers.

*Prince* From a god to a bul,a heauy deſcenſion,it was Ioues caſe



caſe,from a pince to a prentiſe, a low transformation,that ſhal be mine, for in enery thing the purpoſe muſt weigh with the folly,follow me Ned. *exeunt.*

*Enter Northumberland his wife,and the wife to Harry Percie.*

*North.* I pray thee louing wife and gentle daughter,
Giue euen way vnto my rough affaires,
Put not you on the viſage of the times,
And be like them to Percy troubleſome.

*Wife* I haue giuen ouer, I will ſpeake no more,
Do what you wil, your wiſedome be your guide.

*North.* Alas ſweete wife, my honor is at pawne,
And but my going,nothing can redeeme it.

*Kate* O yet for Gods ſake. go not to theſe wars,
The time was father,that you broke your word,
When you were more endeere to it then now,
When your owne Percie,when my hearts deere Harry,
Threw many a Northward looke,to ſee his father
Bring vp his powers,but he did long in vaine.
Who then perſwaded you to ſtay at home?
There were two honors loſt,yours,and your ſonnes,
For yours,the God of heauen brighten it,
For his,it ſtucke vpon him as the ſunne
In the grey vault of heauen,and by his light
Did all the Cheualry of England moue
To do braue acts,he was indeede the glaſſe
Wherein the noble youth did dreſſe themſelues.

*North.* Beſhrew your heart,
Faire daughter,you do draw my ſpirites from me,
With new lamenting ancient ouerſights,
But I muſt go and meete with danger there,
Or it will ſeeke me in an other place,
And find me worſe prouided.

*Wife* O flie to Scotland,
Till that the nobles and the armed commons,
Haue of their puiſſance made a little taſte.

*Kate* If they get ground and vantage of the King,

Then ioyne you with them like a ribbe of steele,
To make strength stronger: but for al our loues,
First let them trie themselues, so did your sonne,
He was so suffred, so came I a widow,
And neuer shall haue length of life enough,
To raine vpon remembrance with mine eies,
That it may grow and sprout as high as heauen,
For recordation to my noble husband.

*North.* Come, come, go in with me, tis with my mind,
As with the tide, sweld vp vnto his height,
That makes a stil stand, running neither way,
Faine would I go to meete the Archbishop,
But many thousand reasons hold me backe,
I will resolue for Scotland, there am I,
Till time and vantage craue my company. *exeunt.*

*Enter a Drawer or two.*

*Francis* What the diuel hast thou brought there apple Iohns? thou knowest sir Iohn cannot indure an apple Iohn.

*Draw.* Mas thou saist true, the prince once set a dish of apple Iohns before him, and tolde him there were fiue more sir Iohns, and putting off his hat, said, I will now take my leaue of these six drie, round, old, withered Knights, it angred him to the heart, but he hath forgot that.

*Fran.* Why then couer and set them downe, and see if thou canst find out Sneakes Noise, mistris Tere-sheet would faine heare some musique.

*Dra.* Dispatch, the roome where they supt is too hot, theile come in straight.

*Francis* Sirra, here wil be the prince and master Poynes anon, and they will put on two of our ierkins and aprons, and sir Iohn must not know of it, Bardolfe hath brought word.

*Enter Will.*

*Dra.* By the mas here will be old vtis, it will be an excellent stratagem.

*Francis* Ile see if I can find out Sneake. *exit*

*Enter mistris Quickly, and Doll Tere-sheet.*

*Quickly*



*Quickly* Yfaith sweet heart, me thinkes now you are in an excellent good temperalitie. Your pulsidge beates as extraordinarily as heart would desire, and your colour I warrant you is as red as any rose, in good truth law: but yfaith you haue drunke too much cannaries, and thats a maruelous searching wine, and it perfumes the bloud ere one can say, whats this, how do you now?

*Tere.* Better then I was: hem.

*Qui.* Why thats well said, a good heart's worth gold: loe here comes sir Iohn.

*enter sir Iohn.*

*sir Iohn* When Arthur first in court, empty the iourdan and was a worthy King: how now mistris Doll?

*host.* Sicke of a calme, yea good faith.

*Falst.* So is all her sect, and they be once in a calme they are sicke.

*Tere.* A pox damne you, you muddie rascall, is that all the comfort you giue me?

*Falst.* You make fat rascals mistris Dol.

*Tere.* I make them? gluttonie, and diseases make, I make them not.

*Falst.* If the cooke help to make the gluttonie, you helpe to make the diseases Doll, we catch of you Doll, we catch of you graunt that my poore vertue, grant that.

*Doll* Yea ioy, our chaines and our iewels.

*Fa.* Your brooches, pearles, & ouches for to serue brauely, is to come halting off, you know to come off the breach, with his pike bent brauely, and to surgerie brauely, to venture vpon the chargde chambers brauely.

*Doll* Hang your selfe, you muddie Cunger, hang your selfe.

*host* By my troth this is the old fashion, you two neuer meet but you fall to some discord, you are both ygood truth as rew matique as two dry tosts, you cannot one beare with anothers cõfirmities, what the goodyere one must beare, & that must be you, you are the weaker vessell, as they say, the emptier vessel.

*Dorothy* Can a weake empty veſſell beare ſuch a huge full hogſhead? theres a whole marchãts venture of Burdeux ſtuffe in him, you haue not ſeene a hulke better ſtuft in the hold. Come, ile be friends with thee iacke, thou art going to the wars, and whether I ſhall euer ſee thee againe or no there is no body cares.

*Enter drawer.*

*Dra.* Sir, Antient piſtol's belowe, and would ſpeake with you.

*Dol* Hang him ſwaggering raſcal, let him not come hither it is the foule-mouthd'ſt rogue in England.

*hoſt.* If he ſwagger, let him not come here, no by my faith I muſt liue among my neighbours, Ile no ſwaggerers, I am in good name, and fame with the very beſt: ſhut the doore, there comes no ſwaggerers here, I haue not liu'd al this while to haue ſwaggering now, ſhut the doore I pray you.

*Fal.* Doſt thou heare hoſteſſe?

*Hoſt.* Pray ye pacifie your ſelfe ſir Iohn, there comes no ſwaggerers here.

*Fal.* Doſt thou heare? it is mine Ancient.

*Ho.* Tilly fally, ſir Iohn, nere tel me: & your ancient ſwaggrer comes not in my doores : I was before maiſter Tiſicke the debuty tother day, & (as he ſaid to me) twas no longer ago than wedſday laſt, I good faith, neighbor Quickely, ſayes he, maiſter Dumbe our miniſter was by then, neighbor Quickly (ſaies he) receiue thoſe that are ciuil, for (ſaide he) you are in an ill name: now a ſaide ſo, I can tell whereupon. For (ſaies he) you are an honeſt woman, and well thought on, therefore take heede what gheſts you receiue, receiue (ſaies he) no ſwaggering companions: there comes none here: you would bleſſe you to heare what he ſaid: no, Ile no ſwaggrers.

*Faiſt.* Hees no ſwaggrer hoſteſſe, a tame cheter yfaith, you may ſtroke him as gently as a puppy grey-hound, heele not ſwagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turne backe in any ſhew of reſiſtance, call him vp Drawer.

*Hoſt.* Cheter call you him? I will barre no honeſt man my houſe,



houſe, nor no cheter, but I do not loue ſwagering by my troth, I am the worſe when one ſaies ſwagger: feele maiſters, how I ſhake, looke you, I warrant you.

*Tereſh.* So you do hoſteſſe.

*Hoſt.* Doe I? yea in very trueth doe I, and twere an aſpen leafe, I cannot abide ſwaggrers.

*Enter antient Piſtol, and Bardolfes boy.*

*Piſtol* God ſaue you ſir Iohn.

*Fal.* Welcome ancient Piſtoll, heere Piſtoll, I charge you with a cuppe of ſacke, do you diſcharge vpon mine hoſteſſe.

*Piſt.* I will diſcharge vpon her ſir Iohn, with two bullets.

*Fal.* ſhe is piſtoll proofe: ſir, you ſhall not hardely offend her.

*Hoſt.* Come, Ile drink no proofes, nor no bullets, Ile drink no more than will do me good, for no mans pleaſure, I.

*Piſt.* Then, to you miſtris Dorothy, I will charge you.

*Doro.* Charge me? I ſcorne you, ſcuruy companion: what you poore baſe raſcally cheting lacke-linnen mate? away you mouldie rogue, away, I am meate for your maiſter.

*Piſt.* I know you miſtris Dorothy.

*Doro.* Away you cutpurſe raſcall, you filthy boung, away, by this wine Ile thruſt my knife in your mouldie chappes, and you play the ſawcie cuttle with me. Away you bottle ale raſcall, you basket hilt ſtale iuggler, you. Since when, I pray you ſir: Gods light, with two points on your ſhoulder? much.

*Piſt.* God let me not liue, but I will murther your ruffe for this.

*ſir Iohn* No more Piſtol, I would not haue you go off here, diſcharge your ſelfe of our company, Piſtoll.

*Hoſt.* No, good captaine Piſtoll, not here, ſweete captaine.

*Doro.* Captain, thou abhominable damnd cheter, art thou not aſhamed to be called Captaine? and Captaines were of my mind, they would trunchion you out, for taking their names vpon you, before you haue earnd them: you a captaine? you ſlaue, for what? for teareing a poore whoores ruffe in a bawdy houſe: hee a captaine! hang him rogue, he liues vpon mouldy

ſtewd

ſtewd prunes, and dried cakes: a captaine? Gods light theſe villaines wil make the word as odious as the word occupy, which was an excellent good worde before it was ill ſorted, therefore captains had neede look too't.

*Bard.* Pray thee go downe good Ancient.

*Falſt.* Hearke thee hither miſtris Dol.

*Piſt.* Not I, I tell thee what corporall Bardolfe, I could teare her, Ile be reuengde of her.

*Boy* Pray thee go downe.

*Piſt.* Ile ſee her damnd firſt, to Plutoes damnd lake by this hād to th'infernal deep, with erebus & tortures vile alſo: holde hooke and line, ſay I: downe, downe dogges, downe faters haue we not Hiren here?

*Hoſt.* Good captaine Peeſell be quiet, tis very late yfaith, I beſeeke you now aggrauate your choller.

*Piſt* Theſe be good humors indeede, ſhal pack-horſes, and hollow pamperd iades of Aſia which cannot goe but thirtie mile a day, compare with Cæſars and with Canibals, and troiant Greekes? nay rather damne them with King Cerberus, and let the Welkin roare, ſhall we fall foule for toies?

*Hoſt.* By my troth captaine, theſe are very bitter words.

*Bard.* Be gone good Ancient, this will grow to a brawle anon.

*Piſt.* Men like dogges giue crownes like pins, haue we not Hiren here?

*Hoſt.* A my word Captaine, theres none ſuch here, what the goodyeare do you thinke I would denie her? for Gods ſake be quiet.

*Piſt.* Then feed and be fat, my faire Calipolis, come giues ſome ſacke, *ſi fortune me tormente ſperato me contento*, feare we brode ſides? no, let the fiend giue fire, giue me ſome ſacke, and ſweet hart, lie thou there, come we to ful points here? and are & cæteraes, no things?

*Falſt.* Piſtol, I would be quiet.

*Piſt.* Sweet Knight, I kiſſe thy neaffe, what, we haue ſeene the ſeuen ſtarres.

*Dol.*



*Dol,* For Gods ſake thruſt him down ſtaires, I cannot indure ſuch a fuſtian raſcall.

*Piſt* Thruſt him downe ſtaires, know we not Galloway nagges?

*Falſt.* Quaite him downe Bardolfe like a ſhoue-groat ſhilling, nay, and a doe nothing but ſpeake nothing, a ſhall be nothing here.

*Bard* Come, get you downe ſtaires.

*Piſt.* What ſhall we haue inciſion? ſhall we imbrew? then death rocke me a ſleepe, abridge my dolefull daies: why then let grieuons gaſtly gaping wounds vntwinde the ſiſters three, come Atropoſe I ſay.

*Hoſt.* Heres goodly ſtuffe toward.

*Falſt.* Giue me my rapier, boy.

*Dol* I pray thee Iacke, I pray thee do not drawe.

*Fal.* Get you downe ſtaires.

*Hoſt.* Heres a goodly tumult, ile forſweare keeping houſe afore ile be in theſe tirrits and frights, ſo, murder I warant now, alas, alas, put vp your naked weapons, put vp your naked weapons.

*Dol.* I pray thee Iack be quiet, the raſcal's gone, ah you horſon little vliaunt villaine you.

*Hoſt.* Are you not hurte i'th groyne? me thought a made a ſhrewd thruſt at your belly.

*Fal.* Haue you turnd him out a doores?

*Bar.* Yea ſir, the raſcal's drunke, you haue hurt him ſir i'th ſhoulder.

*Fal.* A raſcall to braue me?

*Dol* A you ſweet little rogue you, alas poore ape how thou ſweatſt, come let me wipe thy face, come on you horſone chops: a rogue, yfaith I loue thee, thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, woorth fiue of Agamemnon, & ten times better then the nine Worthies, a villaine!

*Fal.* Ah raſcally ſlaue! I will toſſe the rogue in a blanket.

*Dol* Do and thou darſt for thy heart, and thou doſt, ile canuas thee betweene a payre of ſheetes.



*Boy.*

*Boy* The musique is come sir. *enter musicke.*

*Fal.* Let them play, play sirs, sit on my knee Doll, a rascall bragging slaue! the rogue fled from me like quicksiluer.

*Dol* Yfaith and thou followdst him like a church, thou horson little tydee Bartholemew borepigge, when wilt thou leaue fighting a daies and foyning a nights, and begin to patch vp thine old body for heauen.

*Enter Prince and Poynes.*

*Fal* Peace good Doll, do not speake like a deathes head, do not bid me remember mine end.

*Dol* Sirr a, what humour's the prince of?

*Fal.* A good shallow yong fellow, a would haue made a good pantler, a would a chipt bread wel.

*Dol* They say Poines has a good wit.

*Fal.* He a good wit? hang him baboon, his wit's as thicke as Tewksbury mustard, theres no more conceit in him then is in a mallet.

*Dol* Why does the prince loue him so then?

*Fal.* Because their legges are both of a bignesse, and a plaies at quoites well, and eates cunger and fennel, and drinkes off candles endes for flappe-dragons, and rides the wilde mare with the boyes, and iumpes vpon ioynd-stooles, and sweares with a good grace, and weares his bootes very smoothe like vnto the signe of the Legge, and breedes no bate with telling of discreet stories, and such other gambole faculties a has that show a weake minde, and an able bodie for the which the prince admits him: for the prince himself is such another, the weight of a haire wil turne scales between their haber de poiz.

*Prince* Would not this naue of a wheele haue his eares cut off?

*Poynes* Lets beate him before his whore.

*Prince* Looke where the witherd elder hath not his poule clawd like a parrot.

*Poynes* Is it not strange that desire should so many yeeres out liue performance.

*Falst.* Kisse me Doll,

*Prince*



*Prince* Saturne and Venus this yeere in coniunction? what saies th' Almanacke to that?

*Poyns* And look whether the fierie Trigon his man be not lisping to his master, old tables, his note booke, his counsel keeper?

*Falst.* Thou dost giue me flattering busses.

*Dol* By my troth I kisse thee with a most constant heart.

*Falst.* I am old, I am old.

*Dol.* I loue thee better then I loue, ere a scuruy yong boy of them all.

*Fal.* What stuffe wilt haue a kirtle of? I shall receiue mony a thursday, shalt haue a cap to morrow: a merry song, come it growes late, weele to bed, thou't forget me when I am gone.

*Dol* By my troth thou't set me a weeping and thou saist so, proue that euer I dresse my selfe handsome til thy returne, wel hearken a th end.

*Fal.* Some sacke Francis.

*Prince, Poynes* Anon anon sir.

*Falst.* Ha? a bastard sonne of the Kings? and arte not thou Poynes his brother?

*Prince* Why thou globe of sinfull continents, what a life dost thou leade?

*Falst.* A better then thou, I am a gentleman, thou art a drawer.

*Prince* Very true sir, and I come to drawe you out by the eares.

*Host.* O the Lord preserue thy grace: by my troth welcom to London, now the Lord blesse that sweete face of thine, O Iesu, are you come from Wales?

*Falst.* Thou horson madde compound of maiestie, by this light, flesh, and corrupt bloud, thou art welcome.

*Doll* How? you fat foole I scorne you.

*Poynes* My lorde, he will driue you out of your reuenge, and turne all to a merriment if you take not the heate.

*Prince* You horson candlemine you, how vildly did you speake of me now, before this honest, vertuous, ciuill gentlewoman?

 *Host.*

*Hoſt.* Gods bleſſing of your good heart, and ſo ſhe is by my troth.

*Falſt.* Didſt thou heare me?

*Prince* Yea and you knew me as you did, when you ranne away by Gadſhil, you knew I was at your backe, and ſpoke it, on purpoſe to trie my patience.

*Falſt.* No, no, no, not ſo, I did not thinke thou waſt within hearing.

*Prince* I ſhall driue you then to confeſſe the wilfull abuſe, and then I know how to handle you.

*Falſt.* No abuſe Hall a mine honour, no abuſe.

*Prince* Not to diſpraiſe me, and cal me pantler and bread-chipper, and I know not what?

*Fal.* No abuſe Hall.

*Poynes* No abuſe?

*Falſt* No abuſe Ned i'th worlde, honeſt Ned, none, I diſpraiſde him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in loue with thee: in which doing, I haue done the part of a carefull friend and a true ſubiect, and thy father is to giue me thankes for it, no abuſe Hall, none Ned, none, no faith boyes none.

*Prince* See now whether pure feare and intire cowardize, doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to cloſe with vs: is ſhe of the wicked, is thine hoſteſſe here of the wicked, or is thy boy of the wicked, or honeſt Bardolfe whoſe zeal burnes in his noſe of the wicked?

*Poynes* Anſwer thou dead elme, anſwer.

*Falſt.* The fiend hath prickt down Bardolfe irrecouerable, and his face is Lucifers priuy kitchin, where he doth nothing but roſt mault-worms, for the boy there is a good angel about him, but the diuel blinds him too.

*Prince* For the weomen.

*Falſt.* For one of them ſhees in hell already, and burnes poore ſoules: for th'other I owe her mony, and whether ſhe be damned for that I know not.

*Hoſt*



*Hoſt.* No I warrant you.

*Falſt.* No I thinke thou art not, I thinke thou art quit for that, mary there is another inditement vpon thee, for ſuffering fleſh to be eaten in thy houſe, contrary to the law, for the which I thinke thou wilt howle.

*Hoſt.* Al vitlars do ſo, whats a ioynt of mutton or two in a whole Lent?

*Prince* You gentlewoman.

*Dol.* What ſaies your grace?

*Fal.* His grace ſaies that which his fleſh rebels againſt.

*Peyto knockes at doore.*

*Hoſt.* Who knockes ſo lowd at doore? looke too'th doore there Francis.

*Prince* Peyto, how now, what newes?

*Peyto* The King your father is at Weminſter,
And there are twenty weake and wearied poſtes,
Come from the North, and as I came along
I met and ouertooke a dozen captaines,
Bareheaded, ſweating, knocking at the Tauernes,
And asking euery one for ſir Iohn Falſtaffe.

*Prince* By heauen Poines, I feele me much too blame,
So idely to prophane the precious time,
When tempeſt of commotion like the ſouth,
Borne with blacke vapour, doth begin to melt,
And drop vpon our bare vnarmed heads,
Giue me my ſword and cloke: Falſtaffe, good night.

*Exeunt Prince and Poynes.*

*Fal.* Now comes in the ſweeteſt morſell of the night, & we muſt hence and leaue it vnpickt: more knocking at the doore? how now, whats the matter?

*Bar.* You muſt away to court ſir preſently,
A dozen captaines ſtay at doore for you.
*Fal.* Pay the muſitians ſirra,farewel hoſteſſe,farewel Dol, you ſee (my good wenches)how men of merit are ſought after,the vndeſeruer may ſleepe, when the man of action is calld on,farewell good wenches, if I bee not ſent away poſte, I will ſee you againe ere I goe.
*Dol.* I cannot ſpeake:if my heart be not ready to burſt:wel ſweete Iacke haue a care of thy ſelfe.
*Fal.* Farewell,farewell. *exit.*
*Hoſt.* Well, fare thee well,I haue knowne thee theſe twenty nine yeares, come peaſe-cod time, but an honeſter, and truer hearted man:wel,fare thee wel.
*Bard.* Miſtris Tere-ſheete.
*Hoſt.* Whats the matter?
*Bard.* Bid miſtris Tere-ſheete come to my maſter.
*Hoſt.* O runne Doll, runne, runne good Doll, come, ſhe comes blubberd,yea!will you come Doll?
*exeunt.*

*Enter the King in his night-gowne alone.*

*King* Go call the Earlesof Surrey and of War.
But ere they come, bid them o're-reade theſe letters,
And well conſider of them,make good ſpeed.
How many thouſand of my pooreſt ſubiects,
Are at this howre aſleepe? ô ſleepe!ô gentle ſleep!
Natures ſoft nurſe,how haue I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-liddes downe,
And ſteep my ſences in forgetfulneſſe,
Why rather ſleepe lieſt thou in ſmoaky cribbes,
Vpon vneaſie pallets ſtretching thee,
And huſht with buzzing night-flies to thy ſlumber,
Then in the perfumde chambers of the great,





Vnder the canopies of coſtly ſtate,
And lulld with ſound of ſweeteſt melody?
O thou dull god,why liſte thou with the vile
In lothſome beds,and leaueſt the kingly couch,
A watch-caſe,or a common larum bell?
Wilt thou vpon the high and giddy maſſe,
Seale vp the ſhip-boies eies, and rocke his braines,
In cradle of the rude imperious ſurge,
And in the viſitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian pillowes by the top,
Curling their monſtrous heads, and hanging them
VVith deaffing clamour in the ſlippery clouds,
That with the hurly death it ſelfe awakes?
Canſt thou, ô partiall ſleepe, giue them repoſe,
To the wet ſeaſon in an howre ſo rude,
And in the calmeſt, and moſt ſtilleſt night,
VVith al appliances and meanes to boote,
Deny it to a King? then (happy) low lie downe,
Vneaſie lies the head that weares a crowne.

*Enter Warwike, Surry,and ſir Iohn Blunt.*

*War.* Many good morrowes to your maieſtie.
*King* Is it good morrow lords?
*War.* Tis one a clocke,and paſt.
*King* VVhy then good morrow to you all my lords,
Haue you read ore the letter that I ſent you?
*War.* VVe haue my liege.
*King* Then you perceiue the body of our kingdome,
How foule it is, what rancke diſeaſes grow,
And with what danger neare the heart of it.
*War.* It is but as a body yet diſtempered,
VVhich to his former ſtrength may be reſtored,
VVith good aduiſe and little medicine,

My Lord Northumberland wil ſoone be coold.
*King* O God that one might reade the booke of fate,
And ſee the reuolution of the times,
Make mountaines leuell, and the continent
Weary of ſolide firmeneſſe melt it ſelfe
Into the ſea, and other times to ſee,
The beachie girdle of the ocean,
Too wide for Neptunes hips, how chances mockes,
And changes fill the cup of alteration,
With diuers liquors! O if this were ſeene,
The happieſt youth viewing his progreſſe through,
What perills paſt, what croſſes to enſue?
Would ſhut the booke and ſit him downe and die:
Tis not ten yeeres gone,
Since Richard and Northumberland great friends,
Did feaſt togither, and in two yeare after
Were they at warres: it is but eight yeares ſince,
This Percie was the man neereſt my ſoule,
Who like a brother toyld in my affaires;
And laied his loue and life vnder my foote,
Yea for my ſake, euen to the eyes of Richard,
Gaue him defyance: but which of you was by?
You couſen Neuel, (as I may remember)
When Richard with his eye-brimme full of teares,
Then checkt and rated by Northumberland,
Did ſpeake theſe wordes now proou'd a prophecie:
Northumberland, thou ladder by the which
My couſen Bolingbrooke aſcends my throne,
(Though then (God knowes) I had no ſuch intent,
But that neceſſitie ſo bowed the ſtate,
That I and greatneſſe were compeld to kiſſe.)
The time ſhall come, thus did he follow it,
The time wil come, that foule ſin gathering head,
Shall breake into corruption: ſo went on,
Fortelling this ſame times condition,





And the deuiſion of our amitie.
*War.* There is a hiſtorie in all mens liues,
Figuring the natures of the times deceaſt:
The which obſeru'd, a man may prophecie,
With a neere ayme of the maine chance of things,
As yet not come to life, who in their ſeedes,
And weake beginning lie intreaſured:
Such thinges become the hatch and broode of time,
And by the neceſſary forme of this,
King Richard might create a perfect gueſſe,
That great Northumberland then falſe to him,
Would of that ſeede growe to a greater falſeneſſe,
Which ſhould not find a ground to roote vpon
Vnleſſe on you.
*King.* Are theſe thinges then neceſſities,
Then let vs meet them like neceſſities,
And that ſame word euen now cries out on vs:
They ſay the Biſhop and Northumberland,
Are fiftie thouſand ſtrong.
*War.* It cannot be my Lord,
Rumour doth double like the voice, and eccho
The numbers of the feared, pleaſe it your grace,
To go to bedde: vpon my ſoule, my Lord,
The Powers that you alreadie haue ſent foorth,
Shall bring this priſe in very eaſily:
To comfort you the more, I haue receiued,
A certain inſtance that Glendour is dead:
Your Maieſtie hath beene this fortnight ill,
And theſe vnſeaſoned howers perforce muſt adde
Vnto your ſickneſſe.
*King.* I will take your counſaile,
And were theſe inward warres once out of hand,
We would (deare Lords) vnto the holy land. *exeunt*

*Enter Iuſtice Shallow, and Iuſtice Silence.*

*Shallow* Come on, come on, come on sir, giue me your hand sir, giue me your hand sir, an early stirrer, by the Roode: and how dooth my good cosin Silens?

*Silence* Good morrow good cosin Shallow.

*Shallow* And how dooth my cosin your bed-fellowe? and your fayrest daughter and mine, my god-daughter Ellen?

*Silens* Alas, a blacke woosel, cosin Shallow.

*Shallow* By yea, and no sir: I dare saye my cosin William is become a good scholler, he is at Oxford still, is hee not?

*Silens* Indeede sir to my cost.

*Shallow* A must then to the Innes a court shortly: I was once of Clements Inne, where I thinke they will talke of mad Shallow yet.

*Silens* You were cald Lusty Shallow then, cosin.

*Shallow* By the masse I was cald any thing, and I would haue done any thing indeed too, and roundly too: there was I, and little Iohn Doyt of Stafford-shire, and Blacke George Barnes, and Francis Picke-bone, and Will Squele a Cotsole man, you had not foure such swinge-bucklers in al the Innes a court againe: and I may say to you, we knew where the bona robes were, and had the best of them all at commaundement: then was Iacke Falstaffe (now sir Iohn) a boy, and Page to Thomas Mowbray duke of Norffolke.

*Silens* Cosin, this sir Iohn that comes hither anone about souldiers?

*Shall.* The same (sir Iohn) the very same, I see him breake Skoggins head at the Court gate, when a was a Cracke, not thus high: and the very same day did I fight with one Samson Stockefish a Fruiterer behinde Greyes Inne: Iesu, Iesu, the mad dayes that I haue spent! and to see how many of my olde acquaintance are dead.

*Silens* We shall all follow, cosin.

*Shal.* Certaine, tis certaine, very sure, very sure, death (as the Psalmist



Psalmist saith) is certaine to all, all shall die. How a good yoke of bullockes at Samforth faire?

*Silens* By my troth I was not there.

*Shal.* Death is certaine: Is olde Dooble of your towne liuing yet?

*Silens* Dead sir.

*Shal.* Iesu, Iesu, dead! a drew a good bow, and dead? a shot a fine shoote: Iohn a Gaunt loued him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead! a would haue clapt ith clowt at twelue score, and caried you a forehand shaft a foureteene and foureteene and a halfe, that it would haue doone a mans heart good to see. How a score of Ewes now?

*Silens* Thereafter as they be, a score of good Ewes may be worth tenne pounds.

*Shal.* And is olde Dooble dead?

*Silens* Heere come twoo of sir Iohn Falstaffes men, as I thinke.

*Enter Bardolfe, and one with him.*

Good morrow honest gentlemen.

*Bard.* I beseech you, which is Iustice Shallow?

*Shall.* I am Robert Shallow sir, a poore Esquire of this Countie, and one of the Kings Iustices of the Peace: what is your pleasure with me?

*Bard.* My Captaine, sir, commends him to you, my Captaine sir Iohn Falstaffe, a tall gentleman, by heauen, and a most gallant Leader.

*Shall.* He greets me wel, sir, I knew him a good backsword man: how doth the good knight? may I aske how my Ladie his wife doth?

*Bar.* Sir, pardon, a souldiour is better accommodate than with a wife.

*Shallow* It is well sayde in faith sir, and it is well sayde indeede too, better accommodated, it is good, yea in deede is

it,

it, good phrases, are surely, and euer were, very commendable, accommodated: it comes of *accommodo*, very good, a good phrase.

*Bardolfe* Pardon me sir, I haue heard the worde, phrase call you it? by this good day, I knowe not the phrase, but I will mayntayne the worde with my sworde, to bee a souldiour-like word, and a worde of exceeding good command, by heauen: accommodated, that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated, or when a man is, beeing whereby, a may be thought to be accommodated, which is an excellent thing.

*Enter sir Iohn Falstaffe.*

*Iust.* It is very iust: looke, here comes good sir Iohn, giue me your good hand, giue mee your worshippes good hand, by my troth you like well, and beare your yeeres very well, welcome good sir Iohn.

*Fal.* I am glad to see you well, good maister Robert Shallow, maister Soccard (as I thinke.)

*Shal.* No sir Iohn, it is my cosin Silens, in commission with me.

*Falst.* Good maister Silens, it well befits you should be of the Peace.

*Silens* Your good worship is welcome.

*Falst.* Fie, this is hot weather (gentlemen) haue you prouided me heere halfe a dozen sufficient men?

*Shal.* Mary haue we sir, will you sit?

*Falst.* Let me see them I beseech you.

*Shall.* Where's the rowle? where's the rowle? where's the rowle? let me see, let me see, so, so, so, so, so (so, so) yea mary sir, Rafe Mouldy, let them appeere as I call, let them do so, let the do so, let me see, where is Mouldy?

*Mouldy* Here and it please you.

*Sha.* What think you sir Iohn, a good limbd fellow, yong, strong,



strong, and of good friends.

*Fal.* Is thy name Mouldie?

*Moul.* Yea, and't please you.

*Fal.* 'Tis the more time thou wert vsde.

*Shal.* Ha, ha, ha, most excellent yfaith, things that are mouldy lacke vse: very singular good, infaith well said sir Iohn, very well said. *Iohn prickes him.*

*Moul.* I was prickt wel enough before, and you could haue let me alone, my old dame will be vndone now for one to doe her husbandrie, and her drudgery, you need not to haue prickt me, there are other men fitter to go out then I.

*Fal.* Go to, peace Mouldy, you shall go, Mouldy it is time you were spent.

*Moul.* Spent?

*Shal.* Peace fellow, peace, stand aside, know you where you are? for th'other sir Iohn: let me see Simon Shadow.

*Fal.* Yea mary, let me haue him to sit vnder, hees like to be a cold soldiour.

*Shal.* Where's Shadow?

*Shad.* Here sir.

*Fal.* Shadow, whose sonne art thou?

*Shad.* My mothers sonne sir.

*Fal.* Thy mothers sonne! like enough, and thy fathers shadow, so the sonne of the female is the shadow of the male: it is often so indeede, but much of the fathers substance.

*Shal.* Do you like him sir Iohn?

*Fal.* Shadow wil serue for summer, pricke him, for we haue a number of shadowes fill vp the muster booke.

*Shal.* Thomas Wart.

*Fal.* Where's he?

*Wart* Here sir.

*Fal.* Is thy name Wart?

*Wart* Yea sir.

*Fal.* Thou art a very ragged wart.

*Shal.* Shall I pricke him sir Iohn?

*Fal.* It were superfluous, for apparell is built vpon his back,

and the whole frame ſtands vpon pins, pricke him no more.

*Shal.* Ha,ha,ha,you can do it ſir,you can do it, I commend you well: Francis Feeble.

*Feeble* Here ſir.

*Shal.* What trade art thou Feeble?

*Feeble* A womans tailer ſir.

*Shal.* Shall I pricke him ſir?

*Fal.* You may,but if he had bin a mans tailer hee'd a prickt you: wilt thou make as manie holes in an enemies battaile, as thou haſt done in a womans peticoate.

*Feeble* I will do my good will ſir,you can haue no more.

*Fal.* Well ſaide good womans tailer, well ſaide couragious Feeble, thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathfull doue, or moſt magnanimous mouſe,pricke the womans tailer: wel M.Shallow, deepe M. Shallow.

*Feeble* I would Wart might haue gone ſir.

*Fal.* I would thou wert a mans tailer, that thou mightſt mend him and make him fit to goe,I cannot put him to a priuate ſouldier, that is the leader of ſo many thouſands, let that ſuffice moſt forcible Feeble.

*Feeble* It ſhall ſuffice ſir.

*Fal.* I am bound to thee reuerend Feeble,who is next?

*Shal.* Peter Bul-calfe o'th greene.

*Fal.* Yea mary,lets ſee Bul-calfe.

*Bul.* Here ſir. (roare againe.

*Fal.* Fore God a likely fellow, come pricke Bul-calfe til hee

*Bul.* O Lord,good my lord captaine.

*Falſt.* What, doſt thou roare before thou art prickt?

*Bul.* O Lord ſir,I am a diſeaſed man.

*Fal.* What diſeaſe haſt thou?

*Bul.* A horſon cold ſir, a cough ſir, which I cought with ringing in the Kings affaires vpon his coronation day ſir.

*Fal.* Come, thou ſhalt go to the warres in a gowne,we wil haue away thy cold, and I wil take ſuch order that thy friendes ſhal ring for thee. Is here all?

*Shal.* Here is two more cald then your number, you muſt haue



haue but foure here ſir, and ſo I pray you goe in with mee to dinner.

*Fa.* Come,I wil go drink with you,but I cānot tary dinner: I am glad to ſee you, by my troth maſter Shallow.

*Shal.* O ſir Iohn, do you remember ſince we lay all night in the windmil in ſaint Georges field?

*Fal.* No more of that maſter Shallow.

*Shal.* Ha,twas a merry night, and is Iane Night-worke aliue?

*Falſt.* She liues maſter Shallow.

*Shal.* She neuer could away with me.

*Fa.* Neuer neuer,ſhe wold alwaies ſay,ſhe could not abide maſter Shallow.

*Sha.* By the maſſe I conld anger her too'th heart, ſhe was then a *bona roba*,doth ſhe hold her owne wel?

*Fal.* Old old maſter Shallow.

*Shal.* Nay ſhe muſt be old,ſhe cannot chuſe but be old,certain ſhees old,& had Robin Night-work by old Night-work, before I came to Clements inne.

*Scilens* Thats fiftie fiue yeare ago.

*Shal.* Ha couſen Scilens that thou hadſt ſeene that that this Knight and I haue ſeene,ha ſir Iohn, ſaid I wel?

*Fal* We haue heard the chimes at midnight M.Shallow.

*Sha.* That we haue,that we haue, that we haue,in faith ſir Iohn we haue, our watch-worde was Hemboies, come lets to dinner,come lets to dinner,Ieſus the daies that wee haue ſeene, come,come. *exeunt.*

*Bul.* Good maiſter corporate Bardolfe, ſtand my friend, & heres foure Harry tenſhillings in french crowns for you, in very truth ſir, I had as liue be hangd ſir as go,and yet for mine owne part ſir I do not care,but rather becauſe I am vnwilling, and for mine owne part haue a deſire to ſtay with my friends, elſe ſir I did not care for mine owne part ſo much.

*Bard.* Go to,ſtand aſide.

*Moul.* And good M.corporall captaine,for my old dames ſake ſtand my friend, ſhe has no body to doe any thing about

her when I am gone, and she is old and cannot helpe her selfe, you shall haue forty sir.

*Bar.* Go to, stand aside.

*Feeble* By my troth I care not, a man can die but once, we owe God a death, ile nere beare a base mind, and't bee my destny: so, and't be not, so, no man's too good to serue's prince, and let it go which way it will, he that dies this yeere is quit for the next.

*Bar* Well said, th'art a good fellow.

*Feeble* Faith ile beare no base mind.

*Enter Falstaffe and the Iustices.*

*Fal.* Come sir, which men shall I haue?

*Shal.* Foure of which you please.

*Bar* Sir, a word with you, I haue three pound to free Mouldy and Bulcalfe.

*Fal.* Go to, well.

*Shal.* Come sir Iohn, which foure wil you haue?

*Fal.* Do you chuse for me.

*Shal.* Mary then, Mouldy, Bulcalfe, Feeble, and Sadow.

*Fal.* Mouldy and Bulcalfe, for you Mouldy stay at home, til you are past seruice: and for your part Bulcalfe, grow til you come vnto it, I will none of you.

*Shal.* Sir Iohn, sir Iohn, doe not your selfe wrong, they are your likeliest men, and I would haue you serude with the best.

*Fal.* Wil you tel me (master Shallow) how to chuse a man? care I for the limbe, the thewes, the stature, bulke and big assemblance of a man: giue me the spirit M. Shalow: heres Wart, you see what a ragged apparance it is, a shall charge you, and discharge you with the motion of a pewterers hammer, come off and on swifter then he that gibbets on the brewers bucket: and this same halfe facde fellow Shadow, giue me this man, he presents no marke to the enemy, the fo-man may with as great aime leuel at the edge of a pen-knife, and for a retraite how swiftly wil this Feeble the womans Tailer runne off? O giue mee the spare men, and spare me the great ones, putte mee a caliuer



caliuer into Warts hand Bardolfe.

*Bar.* Hold Wart, trauers thas, thas, thas.

*Fal.* Come mannage me your caliuer: so, very wel, go to, very good, exceeding good, O giue me alwaies a little leane, olde chopt Ballde, shot: well said yfaith Wart, th'art a good scab, hold, theres a tester for thee.

*Shal.* He is not his crafts-master, he doth not do it right; I remember at Mile-end-greene, when I lay at Clements Inne, I was then sir Dagonet in Arthurs show, there was a little quiuer fellow, and a would mannage you his peece thus, and a would about and about, and come you in, and come you in, rah, tah, tah, would a say, bounce would a say, and away again would a go, and againe would a come: I shall nere see such a fellow.

*Fal.* These fellowes wooll doe well M. Shallow, God keep you M. Scilens, I will not vse many words with you, fare you wel gentlemen both, I thank you, I must a dosen mile to night: Bardolfe, giue the souldiers coates.

*Shal.* Sir Iohn, the Lord blesse you, God prosper your affaires, God send vs peace at your returne. visit our house, let our old acquaintance be renewed, peraduenture I will with ye to the court.

*Fal.* Fore God would you would.

*Shal.* Go to, I haue spoke at a word, God keep you.

*Fal.* Fare you well gentle gentlemen. *exit*

*Shal.* On Bardolfe, leade the men away, as I returne I will fetch off these iustices, I do see the bottome of iustice Shallow, Lord, Lord, how subiect we old men are to this vice of lying, this same staru'd iustice hath done nothing but prate to me, of the wildnesse of his youth, and the feates he hath done about Turne-bull street, and euery third word a lie, dewer paid to the hearer then the Turkes tribute, I doe remember him at Clements Inne, like a man made after supper of a cheese paring, when a was naked, he was for all the worlde like a forkt reddish, with a head fantastically carued vpon it with a knife, a was so forlorne, that his demensions to any thicke sight were

inuincible, a was the very genius of famine, yet lecherous as a monkie, & the whores cald him mandrake, a came ouer in the rereward of the fathion, and ſung thoſe tunes to the ouer-ſchutcht huſwiues, that he heard the Car-men whiſtle, and ſware they were his fancies or his good-nights, and nowe is this vices dagger become a ſquire, and talkes as familiarly of Iohn a Gaunt, as if he had bin ſworne brother to him, and ile be ſworn a nere ſaw him but once in the tylt-yard, and then he burſt his head for crowding among the Marſhalles men, I ſaw it and told Iohn a Gaunt he beate his owne name, for you might haue thruſt him and all his aparell into an eele-skin, the caſe of a treble hoboy was a manſion for him a Court, and now has he land and beefes. Well, ile be acquainted with him if I returne, and t'ſhal go hard, but ile make him a philoſophers two ſtones to me, if the yong Daſe be a baite for the old Pike, I ſee no reaſon in the law of nature but I may ſnap at him, till Time ſhape, and there an end.

*Enter the Archbiſhop, Mowbray, Bardolfe, Haſtings, within the forreſt of Gaultree.*

*Biſh.* What is this forreſt calld?

*Haſt.* Tis Gaultree forreſt, and't ſhal pleaſe your grace.

*Biſhop* Here ſtand, my lords, and ſend diſcouerers forth,
To know the numbers of our enemies.

*Haſtings* We haue ſent forth already.

*Biſhop* Tis well done,
My friends and brethren (in theſe great affaires)
I muſt acquaint you, that I haue receiu'd
New dated letters from Northumberland,
Their cold intent, tenure, and ſubſtance thus;
Here doth he wiſh his perſon, with ſuch powers,
As might hold ſortance with his quallitie,
The which he could not leuy: whereupon
He is retirde to ripe his growing fortunes,
To Scotland, and concludes in hearty prayers,
That your attempts may ouer-liue the hazard
And fearefull meeting of their oppoſite.

*Mowb.*



*Mowb.* Thus do the hopes we haue in him, touch ground,
And daſh themſelues to peeces. *Enter meſſenger*

*Haſtings* Now, what newes?

*Meſſenger* Weſt of this forreſt, ſcarcely off a mile,
In goodly forme comes on the enemy,
And by the ground they hide, I iudge their number
Vpon, or neere the rate of thirty thouſand.

*Mowbray* The iuſt proportion that we gaue them out,
Let vs ſway on, and face them in the field.

*Biſhop* What wel appointed Leader fronts vs heere?

*Enter Weſtmerland*

*Mowbray* I thinke it is my lord of Weſtmerland.

*Weſt.* Health and faire greeting from our Generall,
The prince lord Iohn and duke of Lancaſter.

*Biſhop* Say on my lord of Weſtmerland in peace,
What doth concerne your comming?

*We.* Then my L. vnto your Grace do I in chiefe addreſſe
The ſubſtance of my ſpeech: if that rebellion
Came like it ſelfe, in baſe and abiect rowtes,
Led on by bloody youth, guarded with ra[illegible],
And countenaunſt by boyes and beggary,
I ſay, if damnd commotion ſo appeare,
In his true, natiue, and moſt proper ſhape,
You, reuerend father, and theſe noble Lordes,
Had not beene heere to dreſſe the owgly forme
Of baſe and bloody Inſurrection
With your faire Honours. You (lord Archbiſhop)
Whoſe Sea is by a ciuile peace maintainde,
Whoſe beard the ſiluer hand of Peace hath toucht,
Whoſe learning and good letters Peace hath tutord,
Whoſe white inueſtments figure innocence,
The Doue, and very bleſſed ſpirite of peace.
Wherefore do you ſo ill tranſlate your ſelfe
Out of the ſpeech of peace that beares ſuch grace,
Into the harſh and boyſtrous tongue of warre?
Turning your bookes to graues, your incke to bloud,

You

Your pennes to launces, and your tongue diuine,
To a lowd trumpet, and a point of warre?
*Biſh.* Wherefore do I this? ſo the queſtion ſtands:
Briefly, to this end we are all diſeaſde:
The dangers of the daie's but newly gone,
VVhoſe memorie is written on the earth,
VVith yet appearing blood, and the examples
Of euery minutes inſtance (preſent now,)
Hath put vs in theſe ill-beſeeming armes,
Not to breake peace, or any braunch of it,
But to eſtabliſh heere a peace indeede,
Concurring both in name and quallitie.
*Weſt.* VVhen euer yet was your appeale denied
VVherein haue you beene galled by the King?
What peere hath beene ſubornde to grate on you?
That you ſhould ſeale this lawleſſe bloody booke
Of forgde rebellion with a ſeale diuine,
*Biſhop* My brother Generall, the common wealth
I make my quarrell in particular.
*Weſt.* There is no neede of any ſuch redreſſe,
Or if there were, it not belongs to you.
*Mowbray* why not to him in part, and to vs all
That feele the bruiſes of the daies before?
And ſuffer the condition of theſe times,
To lay a heauy and vnequall hand
Vpon our honors.
*Weſt.* But this is meere digreſſion from my purpoſe.
Here come I from our princely generall,
To know your griefes, to tell you from his Grace,
That he will giue you audience, and wherein
It ſhall appeere that your demaunds are iuſt,
You ſhall enioy them, euery thing ſet off
That might ſo much as thinke you enemies.
*Mowbray* But he hath forcde vs to compel this offer,





And it proceedes from policie, not loue.
*Weſt.* Mowbray, you ouerweene to take it ſo:
This offer comes from mercy, not from feare:
For loe, within a ken our army lies:
Vpon mine honour, all too confident
To giue admittance to a thought of feare:
Our battell is more full of names than yours,
Our men more perfect in the vſe of armes,
Our armour all as ſtrong, our cauſe the beſt:
Then Reaſon will our hearts ſhould be as good:
Say you not then, our offer is compelld.
*Mow.* Well, by my will, we ſhall admit no parlee.
*Weſt.* That argues but the ſhame of your offence,
A rotten caſe abides no handling.
*Haſtings* Hath the prince Iohn a full commiſſion,
In very ample vertue of his father,
To heare, and abſolutely to determine
Of what conditions we ſhall ſtand vpon?
*Weſt.* That is intended in the Generalles name,
I muſe you make ſo ſlight a queſtion.
*Biſhop* Then take, my lord of Weſtmerland, this ſcedule,
For this containes our generall grieuances,
Each ſeuerall article herein redreſt,
All members of our cauſe both here and hence,
That are enſinewed to this action,
Acquitted by a true ſubſtantiall forme,
And preſent execution of our willes,
To vs and our purpoſes confinde,
We come within our awefull bancks againe,
And knit our powers to the arme of peace.
*Weſt.* This will I ſhew the Generall, pleaſe you Lords,
In ſight of both our battells we may meete,
At either end in peace, which God ſo frame,
Or to the place of diffrence call the ſwords,
Which muſt decide it. *Exit Weſtmerland*
*Biſhop* My lord, we will doe ſo.

*Mou* There is a thing within my boſome tells me
That no conditions of our peace can ſtand.
*Haſtings* Feare you not, that if we can make our peace,
Vpon ſuch large termes, and ſo abſolute,
As our conditions ſhall conſiſt vpon,
Our peace ſhall ſtand as firme as rockie mountaines.
*Moub.* Yea but our valuation ſhal be ſuch,
That euery ſlight, ...d falſe deriued cauſe,
Yea euery idle, nice, and wanton reaſon,
Shall to the King taſte of this action,
That were our royal faiths martires in loue,
We ſhall be winow'd with ſo rough a wind,
That euen our corne ſhal ſeeme as light as chaffe,
And good from bad find no partition.
*Biſh.* No, no, my lord, note this, the King is weary
Of daintie and ſuch picking greeuances,
For he hath found, to end one doubt by death,
Reuiues two greater in the heires of life:
And therefore will he wipe his tables cleane,
And keepe no tel-tale to his memorie,
That may repeate, and hiſtory his loſſe,
To new remembrance: for full wel he knowes,
He cannot ſo preciſely weed this land,
As his miſdoubts preſent occaſion,
His foes are ſo enrooted with his friends,
That plucking to vnfix an enemy,
He doth vnfaſten ſo, and ſhake a friend,
So that this land, like an offenſiue wife,
That hath enragde him on to offer ſtrokes,
As he is ſtriking, holdes his infant vp,
And hangs reſolu'd correction in the arme,
That was vpreard to execution.
*Haſt.* Beſides, the King hath waſted al his rods,
On late offendors, that he now doth lacke
The very inſtruments of chaſticement,
So that his power, like to a phangleſſe lion,





May offer, but not hold.
*Biſhop* Tis very true,
And therefore be aſſurde, my good Lord Marſhall,
If we do now make our attonement well,
Our peace wil like a broken limbe vnited,
Grow ſtronger for the breaking.
*Mow.* Be it ſo, here is returnd my lord of Weſtmerland.

*Enter Weſtmerland.*

*Weſt.* The prince is here at hand, pleaſeth your Lordſhip
To meet his grace iuſt diſtance tweene our armies.

*Enter Prince Iohn and his armie.*

*Mow.* Your grace of York, in Gods name then ſet forward.
*Biſhop.* Before, and greete his grace (my lord) we come.
*Iohn* You are well incountred here, my couſen Mowbray,
Good day to you, gentle Lord Archbiſhop,
And ſo to you Lord Haſtings, and to all.
My Lord of Yorke, it better ſhewed with you,
When that your flocke aſſembled by the bell,
Encircled you, to heare with reuerence,
Your expoſition on the holy text,
That now to ſee you here, an yron man talking,
Cheering a rowt of rebells with your drumme,
Turning the word to ſword, and life to death:
That man that ſits within a monarches heart,
And ripens in the ſun-ſhine of his fauor,
Would he abuſe the countenance of the King:
Alacke what miſcheefes might he ſet abroach,
In ſhadow of ſuch greatneſſe? with you Lord biſhop
It is euen ſo, who hath not heard it ſpoken,
How deepe you were within the bookes of God,
To vs the ſpeaker in his parliament,
To vs th'imagine voice of God himſelfe,
The very opener and intelligencer,
Betweene the grace, the ſanctities of heauen,
And our dull workings? O who ſhal beleeue,
But you miſuſe the reuerence of your place,

Imply the countenance and grace of heau'n,
As a falſe fauorite doth his princes name:
In deedes diſhonorable you haue tane vp,
Vnder the counterfeited zeale of God,
The ſubiects of his ſubſtitute my father,
And both againſt the peace of heauen and him,
Haue here vpſwarmd them.
*Biſhop* Good my Lord of Lancaſter,
I am not here againſt your fathers peace,
But as I told my lord of Weſtmerland,
The time miſordred doth in common ſenſe,
Crowd vs and cruſh vs to this monſtrous forme,
To hold our ſafety vp: I ſent your grace,
The parcells and particulars of our griefe,
The which hath beene with ſcorne ſhoued from the court,
Whereon this Hidra, ſonne of warre is borne,
Whoſe dangerous eies may well be charmd aſleepe,
With graunt of our moſt iuſt, and right deſires,
And true obedience of this madnes cured,
Stoope tamely to the foote of maieſtie.
*Mow.* If not, we ready are to trie our fortunes,
To the laſt man.
*Haſt.* And though we here fal downe,
We haue ſupplies to ſecond our attempt,
If they miſcarry, theirs ſhal ſecond them,
And ſo ſucceſſe of miſchiefe ſhall be borne,
And heire from heire ſhall hold his quarrell vp,
Whiles England ſhall haue generation.
*Prince* You are too ſhallow Haſtings, much too ſhallow,
To ſound the bottome of the after times.
*Weſt.* Pleaſeth your grace to anſwere them directly,
How far forth you do like their articles.
*Prince* I like them all, and do allow them well,
And ſweare here by the honour of my bloud,
My fathers purpoſes haue beene miſtooke,
And ſome about him haue too lauiſhly,





Wreſted his meaning and authority.
My Lord, theſe griefes ſhall be with ſpeed redreſt,
Vppon my ſoule they ſhal, if this may pleaſe you,
Diſcharge your powers vnto their ſeuerall counties,
As we will ours, and here betweene the armies,
Lets drinke together friendly and embrace,
That all their eies may beare thoſe tokens home,
Of our reſtored loue and amitie.
*Biſhop* I take your princely word for theſe redreſſes,
I giue it you, and will maintaine my word,
And therevpon I drinke vnto your grace.
*Prince* Go Captaine, and deliuer to the armie
This newes of peace, let them haue pay, and part.
I know it will well pleaſe them, hie thee captaine.
*Biſhop* To you my noble lord of Weſtmerland.
*Weſt.* I pledge your grace, and if you knew what paines,
I haue beſtowed to breed this preſent peace,
You would drinke freely, but my loue to ye
Shall ſhew it ſelfe more openly hereafter.
*Biſhop* I do not doubt you.
*Weſt.* I am glad of it,
Health to my Lord, and gentle coſin Mowbray.
*Mow.* You wiſh me health in very happy ſeaſon,
For I am on the ſodaine ſomething ill.
*Biſhop* Againſt ill chaunces men are euer mery,
But heauineſſe fore-runnes the good euent.
*Weſt.* Therefore be mery coze, ſince ſodaine ſorrow
Serues to ſay thus, ſome good thing comes to morow.
*Biſhop* Beleeue me I am paſſing light in ſpirit,
*Mow.* So much the worſe if your owne rule be true. *Shout.*
*Prin.* The word of peace is rendred, heark how they ſhout.
*Mow.* This had bin cheerefull after victory.
*Biſhop* A peace is of the nature of a conqueſt,
For then both parties nobly are ſubdued,
And neither party looſer.
*Prince* Go my lord,

And let our army be diſcharged too,
And,good my lord,ſo pleaſe you,let our traines
March by vs,that we may peruſe the men,
VVe ſhould haue coap't withall.
*Biſhop* Go,good Lord Haſtings,
And ere they be diſmiſt,let them march by. *enter Weſtmerland.*
*Prince* I truſt Lords we ſhal lie to night togither:
Now cooſin,wherefore ſtands our army ſtil?
*Weſt.* The Leaders hauing charge from you to ſtand,
Wil not goe off vntil they heare you ſpeake.
*Prince* They know their dueties. *enter Haſtings*
*Haſtings* My lord,our army is diſperſt already,
Like youthfull ſteeres vnyoakt they take their courſes,
Eaſt,weaſt,north,ſouth,or like a ſchoole broke vp,
Each hurries toward his home, and ſporting place.
*Weſt.* Good tidings my lord Haſtings,for the which
I do areſt thee traitor of high treaſon,
And you lord Archbiſhop,and you lord Mowbray,
Of capitall treaſon I attach you both.
*Mowbray* Is this proceeding iuſt and honorable?
*Weſt.* Is your aſſembly ſo?
*Biſhop* will you thus breake your faith?
*Prince* I pawnde thee none,
I promiſt you redreſſe of theſe ſame grieuances
Whereof you did complaine, which by mine honour
I will performe,with a moſt chriſtian care.
But for you rebels, looke to taſte the due
Meete for rebellion:
Moſt ſhallowly did you theſe armes commence,
Fondly brought heere,and fooliſhly ſent hence.
Strike vp our drummes,purſue the ſcattred ſtray:
God,and not we,hath ſafely fought to day:
Some guard this traitour to the blocke of death,
Treaſons true bed,and yeelder vp of breath.
*Alarum* *Enter Falſtaffe* *excurſions*
*Fal.* whats your name ſir, of what condition are you, and of



of what place?
*Cole.* I am a Knight ſir, and my name is Coleuile of the Dale.
*Fal.* well then,Colleuile is your name,a Knight is your degree,and your place the dale: Coleuile ſhalbe ſtill your name, a traitor your degree, & the dungeon your place, a place deep enough,ſo ſhall you be ſtil Colleuile of the Dale.
*Colle.* Are not you ſir Iohn Falſtaffe?
*Fal.* As good a man as he ſir,who ere I am: doe ye yeelde ſir,or ſhall I ſweat for you? if I doe ſweate, they are the drops of thy louers, and they weepe for thy death, therefore rowze vp feare and trembling, and do obſeruance to my mercie.
*Colle.* I think you are ſir Iohn Falſtaffe,and in that thought yeelde me.
*Fal.* I haue a whole ſchool of tongues in this belly of mine, and not a tongue of them all ſpeakes any other word but my name,and I had but a belly of any indifferencie,I were ſimply the moſt actiue fellow in Europe: my womb,my wombe,my womb vndoes me,heere comes our Generall.
*Enter Iohn Weſtmerland,and the reſt.* *Retraite*
*Iohn* The heate is paſt,follow no further now,
Call in the powers good cooſin Weſtmerland.
Now Falſtaffe, where haue you beene all this whiles?
VVhen euery thing is ended,then you come:
Theſe tardy trickes of yours wil on my life
One time or other breake ſome gallowes backe.
*Fal.* I would bee ſory my lord,but it ſhoulde bee thus: I neuer knew yet but Rebuke and Checke, was the rewarde of Valor:do you thinke me a ſwallow,an arrow,or a bullet?haue I in my poore and old motion the expedition of thought? I haue ſpeeded hither with the very extreameſt inch of poſſibility, I haue foundred nineſcore and od poſtes, and here trauell tainted as I am, haue in my pure and immaculate valour, taken ſir Iohn Colleuile of the Dale,a moſt furious Knight and valorous enemy, : but what of that?he ſawe me, and yeelded, that I may iuſtly ſay with the hooke-noſde fellow of Rome,

their

there cosin, I came, saw, and ouercame.

*Iohn* It was more of his curtesie then your deseruing.

*Falst.* I know not, here he is, and here I yeeld him, and I beseech your grace let it be bookte with the rest of this daies deedes, or by the Lord, I wil haue it in a particular ballad else, with mine owne picture on the top on't, (Colleuile kissing my foote) to the which course, if I bee enforst, if you doe not all shew like guilt twoo pences to mee, and I in the cleere skie of Fame, ore-shine you as much as the full moone doth the cinders of the element, (which shew like pinnes heads to her) beleeue not the worde of the noble: therefore let me haue right, and let Desert mount.

*Prince* Thine's too heauy to mount.

*Falst.* Let it shine then.

*Prince* Thines too thicke to shine.

*Falst.* Let it do some thing, my good lord, that may doe me good, and call it what you will.

*Prince* Is thy name Colleuile?

*Col.* It is my Lord.

*Prince* A famous rebell art thou Colleuile.

*Falst.* And a famous true subiect tooke him.

*Col.* I am my lord but as my betters are,
That led me hither, had they bin rulde by me,
You should haue wonne them deerer then you haue.

*Fal.* I know not how they sold themselues, but thou like a kind fellow gauest thy selfe away gratis, and I thanke thee for thee. *enter Westmerland.*

*Prince* Now, haue you left pursuit?

*West.* Retraite is made, and execution stayd.

*Prince* Send Colleuile with his confederates
To Yorke to present execution,
Blunt leade him hence, and see you guard him sure.
And now dispatch we toward the court my lordes,
I heare the King my father is sore sick,
Our newes shall go before vs to his maiestie,
Which cosin you shall beare to comfort him,





And we with sober speede will follow you.

*Falst.* My Lord, I beseech you giue me leaue to go through Glostershire, and when you come to court, stand my good lord in your good report.

*Prince* Fare you wel Falstaffe, I, in my condition, shal better speake of you then you deserue.

*Fal.* I would you had the wit, twere better than your dukedome, good faith this same yong sober blouded boy doth not loue me, nor a mã cãnot make him laugh, but thats no maruel, he drinkes no wine, theres neuer none of these demure boyes come to any proofe, for thin drinke doth so ouer-coole theyr blood, and making many fish meales, that they fall into a kind of male greene sicknes, and then when they marry, they gette wenches, they are generally fooles and cowards, which some of vs should be too but for inflammation: a good sherris sacke hath a two fold operation in it, it ascendes mee into the braine, dries me there all the foolish, and dull and crudy vapors which enuirone it, makes it apprehensiue, quicke, forgetiue, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes, which deliuered ore to the voyce, the tongue, which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris, is the warming of the blood, which before (cold & setled,) left the lyuer white & pale, which is the badge of pusilanimitie and cowardize: but the sherris warmes it, and makes it course from the inwards to the partes extreames, it illumineth the face, which as a beakon, giues warning to al the rest of this little kingdom man to arme, and then the vitall commoners, and inland petty spirits, muster me all to their captaine, the heart: who great and pufft vp with this retinew, doth any deed of courage: and this valour comes of sherris, so that skill in the weapon is nothing without sacke (for that sets it aworke) and learning a meere whoord of gold kept by a diuell, till sacke commences it, and sets it in act and vse. Hereof comes it, that Prince Harry is valiant, for the cold blood he did naturally inherite of his father, he hath like leane, sterile, and bare land, manured, husbanded and tilld, with excellent endeuour of drinking good

and good ſtore of fertile ſherris, that he is become very hote and valiant. If I had a thouſand ſonnes, the firſt humane principle I would teach them, ſhould be, to forſweare thinpotations, and to addict themſelues to ſacke. How now Bardolfe?

*Enter Bardolfe.*

*Bar.* The army is diſcharged all, and gone.

*Fal.* Let them goe, ile through Gloſterſhire, and there will I viſit M. Robert Shallow Eſquire, I haue him already tempring betweene my finger and my thumb, and ſhortly will I ſeale with him, come away.

*Enter the King, Warwike, Kent, Thomas duke of Clarence, Humphrey of Glouceſter.*

*King* Now lords, if God doth giue ſucceſſefull end,
To this debate that bleedeth at our doores,
We will our youth leade on to higher fields,
And draw no ſwords but what are ſanctified:
Our nauie is addreſt, our power collected,
Our ſubſtitutes in abſence wel inueſted,
And euery thing lies leuell to our wiſh,
Only we want a little perſonal ſtrength:
And pawſe vs til theſe rebels now afoote,
Come vnderneath the yoke of gouernment.

*War.* Both which we doubt not, but your maieſty
Shal ſoone enioy.

*King* Humphrey my ſonne of Gloſter, where is the prince your brother?

*Glo.* I thinke hees gone to hunt, my lord, at Winſor.

*King* And how accompanied?

*Glo.* I do not know, my lord.

*King* Is not his brother Thomas of Clarence with him?

*Glo.* No, my good lord, he is in preſence here.

*Clar.* What would my lord and father?

*Kin* Nothing but well to thee Thomas of Clarence,
How chance thou art not with the prince thy brother?
He loues thee, and thou doſt neglect him, Thomas,
Thou haſt a better place in his affection

Then



Then all thy brothers, cherriſh it my boy:
And noble offices thou maiſt effect
Of mediation after I am dead,
Betweene his greatneſſe and thy other brethren:
Therefore omit him not, blunt not his loue,
Nor looſe the good aduantage of his grace,
By ſeeming cold, or careleſſe of his will,
For he is gracious if he be obſeru'de,
He hath a teare for pittie, and a hand,
Open as day for meeting charitie,
Yet notwithſtanding being incenſt, he is flint,
As humorous as winter, and as ſodaine
As flawes congealed in the ſpring of day:
His temper therefore muſt be well obſeru'd,
Chide him for faults, and do it reuerently,
When you perceiue his bloud inclind to mirth:
But being moody, giue him time and ſcope,
Till that his paſſions, like a whale on ground
Confound themſelues with working, learne this Thomas,
And thou ſhalt proue a ſhelter to thy friends,
A hoope of gold to binde thy brothers in,
That the vnited veſſell of their bloud,
(Mingled with venome of ſuggeſtion,
As force perforce, the age will powre it in,)
Shall neuer leake, though it doe worke as ſtrong,
As Aconitum, or raſh gunpowder.

*Cla.* I ſhall obſerue him with all care and loue.

*King* Why art thou not at Winſore with him Thomas?

*Tho.* He is not there to day, he dines in London.

*King* And how accompanied?

*Tho.* With Poines, and other his continuall followers.

*King* Moſt ſubiect is the fatteſt ſoyle to weeds,
And he, the noble image of my youth,
Is ouerſpread with them, therefore my griefe
Stretches it ſelfe beyond the howre of death:
The bloud weepes from my heart when I do ſhape,

In formes imaginary, th'unguyded daies,
And rotten times that you shall looke vpon,
When I am sleeping with my auncestors:
For when his head-strong riot hath no curbe,
When rage and hot bloud are his counsellors,
When meanes and lauish manners meete together,
Oh with what wings shal his affections flie,
Towards fronting peril and oppose decay?

*War.* My gracious Lord, you looke beyond him quite,
The prince but studies his companions,
Like a strange tongue wherein to gaine the language:
Tis needfull that the most immodest word,
Be lookt vpon and learnt, which once attaind,
Your highnesse knowes comes to no further vse,
But to be knowne and hated: so, like grosse termes,
The prince will in the perfectnesse of time,
Cast off his followers, and their memory
Shall as a pattern, or a measure liue,
By which his grace must mete the liues of other,
Turning past-euils to aduantages.

*King* Tis seldome when the bee doth leaue her comb,
In the dead carion: who's here, Westmerland?

*Enter Westmerland.*

*West.* Health to my soueraigne, and new happinesse
Added to that that I am to deliuer,
Prince Iohn your sonne doth kisse your graces hand.
Mowbray, the Bishop, Scroope, Hastings, and al,
Are brought to the correction of your law:
There is not now a rebels sword vnsheathd,
But Peace puts forth her oliue euery where,
The manner how this action hath bin borne,
Here at more leisure may your highnesse reade,
With euery course in his particular.

*King* O Westmerland, thou art a summer bird,
Which euer in the haunch of winter sings
The lifting vp of day: looke heres more newes. *enter Harcor.*

*Hare.*



*Harc.* From enemies, heauens keep your maiesty,
And when they stand against you, may they fall
As those that I am come to tell you of:
The Earle Northumberland, and the Lord Bardolfe,
With a great power of English, and of Scots,
Are by the shrieue of Yorkshire ouerthrowne,
The manner, and true order of the fight,
This packet, please it you, containes at large,

*Ki.* And wherfore should these good news make me sicke?
Will Fortune neuer come with both hands full,
But wet her faire words stil in foulest termes?
She either giues a stomach, and no foode,
Such are the poore in health: or else a feast,
And takes away the stomach, such are the rich
That haue aboundance, and enioy it not:
I should reioyce now at this happy newes,
And now my sight failes, and my braine is giddy,
O me, come neare me, now I am much ill.

*Hum.* Comfort your maiesty.

*Clar.* O my royall father!

*West.* My soueraigne Lord, cheere vp your selfe, look vp.

*War.* Be patient princes, you do know these fits
Are with his highnesse very ordinary.
Stand from him, giue him ayre, heel straight be wel.

*Clar.* No, no, he cannot long hold out these pangs,
Th'incessant care and labour of his mind,
Hath wrought the Mure that should confine it in,
So thin that life lookes through,

*Hum.* The people feare me, for they do obserue
Vnfather'd heires, and lothly births of nature,
The seasons change their manners, as the yeere
Had found some moneths a sleepe, and leapt them ouer.

*Clar.* The riuer hath thrice flowed, no ebbe between,
And the old folk, (Times doting chronicles,)
Say, it did so a little time before
That our great grandsire Edward, sickt and died.

*War.* Speake lower, princes, for the King recouers.
*Hum.* This apoplexi wil certaine be his end.
*King* I pray you take me vp, and beare me hence,
Into ſome other chamber.
Let there be no noyſe made, my gentle friends,
Vnleſſe ſome dull and fauourable hand
Will whiſper muſique to my weary ſpirite.
*War.* Call for the muſique in the other roome.
*King* Set me the crowne vpon my pillow here.
*Clar.* His eie is hollow, and he changes much.
*War.* Leſſe noyſe, leſſe noyſe. *Enter Harry*
*Prince* Who ſaw the duke of Clarence?
*Clar.* I am here brother, ful of heauineſſe.
*Prince* How now, raine within doores, and none abroad?
How doth the King?
*Hum.* Exceeding ill.
*Prince* Heard he the good newes yet? tell it him.
*Hum.* He vttred much vpon the hearing it,
*Prince* If he be ſicke with ioy, heele recouer without phiſicke.
*War.* Not ſo much noyſe my Lords, ſweete prince, ſpeake lowe, the King your father is diſpoſde to ſleepe.
*Cla.* Let vs withdraw into the other roome.
*War.* Wilt pleaſe your Grace to go along with vs?
*Prince* No, I wil ſit and watch heere by the King.
Why doth the Crowne lie there vpon his pillow,
Being ſo troubleſome a bedfellow?
O poliſht perturbation! golden care!
That keep'ſt the ports of Slumber open wide
To many a watchfull night, ſleepe with it now!
Yet not ſo ſound, and halfe ſo deeply ſweete,
As he whoſe brow (with homely biggen bound)
Snores out the watch of night. O maieſtie!
When thou doſt pinch thy bearer, thou doſt ſit
Like a rich armour worne in heate of day,
That ſcald'ſt with ſafty (by his gates of breath)

There



There lies a downy feather which ſtirs not,
Did he ſuſpire, that light and weightleſſe downe
Perforce muſt moue my gracious lord my father:
This ſleepe is ſound indeede, this is a ſleepe,
That from this golden Rigoll hath diuorſt
So many Engliſh Kings, thy deaw from me,
Is teares and heauy ſorowes of the blood,
Which nature, loue, and filiall tenderneſſe
Shall (O deare father) pay thee plenteouſly:
My due from thee is this imperiall Crowne,
Which as immediate from thy place and blood,
Deriues it ſelfe to me: loe where it ſits,
Which God ſhal guard, and put the worlds whole ſtrength
Into one giant arme, it ſhal not force,
This lineal honor from me, this from thee
Will I to mine leaue, as tis left to me. *exit.*

*Enter Warwicke, Glouceſter, Clarence.*

*King* Warwicke, Glouceſter, Clarence,
*Clar.* Doth the King cal?
*War.* What would your Maieſtie?
*King* Why did you leaue me here alone, my lords?
*Cla.* We left the prince my brother here my liege, who vndertooke to ſit and watch by you.
*King* The prince of Wales, where is he? let me ſee him: he is not here.
*War.* This doore is open, he is gone this way.
*Hum.* He came not through the chamber where we ſtaide.
*King* Where is the Crowne? who took it from my pillow?
*War.* When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.
*King* The Prince hath tane it hence. go ſeeke him out:
Is he ſo haſtie, that he doth ſuppoſe my ſleepe my death?
Finde him, my lord of Warwicke, chide him hither.
This part of his conioynes with my diſeaſe,
And helps to end me: ſee, ſonnes, what things you are,
How quickly nature falls into reuolt,
When gold becomes her obiect?

For

For this, the fooliſh ouer-carefull fathers
Haue broke their ſleepe with thoughts,
Their braines with care, their bones with induſtry:
For this they haue ingroſſed and pilld vp,
The cankred heapes of ſtrange atcheeued gold:
For this they haue beene thoughtfull to inueſt
Their ſonnes with arts and martiall exerciſes,
When like the bee toling from euery flower,
Our thigh, packt with waxe, our mouthes with hony,
We bring it to the hiue: and like the bees,
Are murdred for our paines, this bitter taſte
Yeelds his engroſſements to the ending father,
Now where is he that will not ſtay ſo long,
Till his friend ſickneſſe hands determind me. *Enter Warwicke.*
*War.* My Lord, I found the prince in the next roome,
Waſhing with kindly teares, his gentle cheekes,
With ſuch a deepe demeanour in great ſorrow,
That tyranny, which neuer quaſt but bloud,
Would by beholding him, haue waſht his knife,
With gentle eie-drops, hee is comming hither. *Enter Harry.*
*King* But wherefore did he take away the crowne?
Loe where he comes, come hither to me Harry,
Depart the chamber, leaue vs here alone. *exeunt.*
*Harry* I neuer thought to heare you ſpeake againe.
*King* Thy wiſh was father (Harry,) to that thought
I ſtay too long by thee, I weary thee,
Doſt thou ſo hunger for mine emptie chaire,
That thou wilt needes inueſt thee with my honors,
Before thy howre be ripe? O fooliſh youth,
Thou ſeekſt the greatneſſe that will ouerwhelme thee,
Stay but a little, for my clowd of dignity
Is held from falling with ſo weake a wind,
That it will quickly drop: my day is dim,
Thou haſt ſtolne that, which after ſome few houres,
Were thine, without offence, and at my death,
Thou haſt ſeald vp my expectation,





Thy life did manifeſt thou lou'dſt me not,
And thou wilt haue me die, aſſurde of it,
Thou hidſt a thouſand daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou haſt whetted on thy ſtony heart,
To ſtab at halfe an hower of my life.
What, canſt thou not forbeare me halfe an hower?
Then get thee gone, and digge my graue thy ſelfe,
And bid the merry bells ring to thine eare,
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead:
Let all the teares that ſhould bedew my hearſe
Be drops of Balme, to ſanctifie thy head,
Only compouud me with forgotten duſt.
Giue that which gaue thee life, vnto the wormes,
Plucke downe my officers, breake my decrees,
For now a time is come to mocke at Forme:
Harry the fift is crownd, vp vanitie,
Downe royall ſtate, all you ſage counſailers, hence,
And to the Engliſh Court aſſemble now
From euery region, apes of idleneſſe:
Now neighbour confines, purge you of your ſcumme
Haue you a ruffin that will ſweare, drinke, daunce,
Reuell the night, rob, murder, and commit
The oldeſt ſinnes, the neweſt kind of waies?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more.
England ſhal double gild his trebble gilt,
England ſhall giue him office, honour, might:
For the fift Harry, from curbd licence, plucks
The muſſel of reſtraint, and the wild dogge
Shal fleſh his tooth on euery innocent.
O my poore kingdome ſicke with ciuill blowes:
When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?
O thou wilt be a wilderneſſe againe,
Peopled with woolues, thy old inhabitants.
*Prince* O pardon me, my liege, but for my teares,
The moiſt impediments vnto my ſpeech,

I had foreſtald this deere and deep rebuke,
Ere you with griefe had ſpoke, and I had heard
The courſe of it ſo far: there is your crowne:
And he that weares the crowne immortally,
Long gard it yours: if I affect it more,
Then as your honour, and as your renowne,
Let me no more from this obedience riſe,
VVhich my moſt inward true and duteous ſpirit,
Teacheth this proſtrate and exterior bending,
God witneſſe with me. When I here came in,
And found no courſe of breath within your maieſty,
How cold it ſtrooke my heart: if I do faine,
O let me in my preſent wildneſſe die,
And neuer liue to ſhew th'incredulous world,
The noble change that I haue purpoſed.
Comming to looke on you, thinking you dead,
And dead almoſt, my liege, to thinke you were,
I ſpake vnto this crowne as hauing ſence,
And thus vpbraided it: the care on thee depending,
Hath fed vpon the body of my father,
Therefore thou beſt of gold, art worſe then gold,
Other leſſe fine, in karrat more precious,
Preſeruing life in medcine potable:
But thou, moſt fine, moſt honourd, moſt renown'd,
Haſt eate thy bearer vp: thus my moſt royall liege,
Accuſing it, I put it on my head,
To trie with it as with an enemy,
That had before my face murdered my father,
The quarrell of a true inheritour,
But if it did infect my bloud with ioy,
Or ſwell my thoughts to any ſtraine of pride,
If any rebel or vaine ſpirit of mine,
Did with the leaſt affection of a welcome,
Giue entertainement to the might of it,
Let God for euer keep it from my head,





And make me as the pooreſt vaſſaile is,
That doth with aw and terror kneele to it.
*King* God put in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou mightſt win the more thy fathers loue,
Pleading ſo wiſely in excuſe of it:
Come hither Harry, ſit thou by my bed,
And heare (I thinke) the very lateſt counſaile
That euer I ſhal breathe. God knowes (my ſonne)
By what by-paths, and indirect crookt waies,
I met this crowne, and I my ſelfe know well,
How troubleſome it ſate vpon my head:
To thee it ſhall deſcend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation,
For al the ſoyle of the atchieuement goes,
With me into the earth, it ſeemd in me,
But as an honor ſnatcht with boiſtrous hand,
And I had many liuing to vpbraide
My gaine of it, by their aſſiſtances,
Which daily grew to quarrell and to bloudſhed,
Wounding ſuppoſed peace: all theſe bold feares
Thou ſeeſt with perill I haue anſwerd:
For all my raigne hath beene but as a Scene,
Acting that argument: and now my death
Changes the mood, for what in me was purchaſt,
Fals vpon thee in a more fairer ſort.
So thou the'garland wearſt ſucceſſiuely,
Yet though thou ſtandſt more ſure then I could do,
Thou art not firme enough, ſince griefes are greene,
And all thy friends which thou muſt make thy friends,
Haue but their ſtings and teeth newly tane out:
By whoſe fell working I was firſt aduaunſt,
And by whoſe power I well might lodge a feare
To be againe diſplacde: which to auoyde,
I cut them off, and had a purpoſe, now
To leade out manie to the Holy Land,
Leſt reſt, and lying ſtil, might make them looke,

Too neare vnto my state: therefore, my Harry,
Be it thy course to busie giddie mindes
With forraine quarrells, that action hence borne out,
May waste the memory of the former dayes.
More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,
That strength of speech is vtterly denied me:
How I came by the crowne, O God forgiue,
And grant it may with thee in true peace liue.

*Prince* You won it, wore it, kept it, gaue it me,
Then plaine and right must my possession be,
Which I with more then with a common paine,
Gainst all the world will rightfully maintaine. *enter Lancaster.*

*King* Looke, looke, here comes my Iohn of Lancaster.

*Lanc.* Health, peace, and happinesse to my royall father.

*King* Thou bring'st me happinesse and peace sonne Iohn,
But health (alacke) with youthfull wings is flowne
From this bare withered trunke: vpon thy sight,
My worldly busines makes a period:
Where is my lord of Warwicke?

*Prince* My Lord of Warwicke.

*King* Doth any name particular belong
Vnto the lodging where I first did swound?

*War.* Tis cald Ierusalem, my noble Lord.

*King* Laud be to God, euen there my life must end.
It hath bin prophecide to me many yeares,
I should not die, but in Ierusalem,
Which vainely I suppos'de the Holy Land:
But beare me to that chamber, there ile lie, *Enter Shallow,*
In that Ierusalem shall Harry die. *Falstaffe, and Bardolfe.*

*Shal.* By cock and pie sir, you shal not away to night, what Dauy I say?

*Fals.* You must excuse me master Robert Shallow.

*Shal.* I will not excuse you, you shall not be excus'de, excuses shall not be admitted, there is no excuse shall serue, you shall not be excus'de: why Dauy.

*Dauy* Here sir.





*Shal.* Dauy, Dauy, Dauy, Dauy, let me see Dauy, let me see Dauy, let me see, yea mary V Villiam Cooke, bid him come hither, sir Iohn, you shal not be excused.

*Dauy* Mary sir thus, those precepts can not be serued, and againe sir, shal we sow the hade land with wheate?

*Shal.* V Vith red wheat Dauy, but for V Villiam Cooke are there no yong pigeons?

*Dauy* Yes sir, here is now the Smiths note for shooing and plow-yrons.

*Shal.* Let it be cast and payed: sir Iohn, you shal not be excused.

*Dauy* Now sir, a new lincke to the bucket must needes be had: and sir, do you meane to stop any of V Villiams wages, about the sacke he lost at Hunkly Faire?

*Shal.* A shall answer it: some pigeons Dauy, a couple of short legg'd hens, a ioynt of mutton, and any pretty little tinie Kick-shawes, tell william Cooke.

*Dauy* Doth the man of warre stay all night sir?

*Shal.* Yea Dauy, I will vse him well, a friend i'th court is better then a penie in purse: vse his men wel Dauy, for they are arrant knaues, and will backbite.

*Dauy* No worse then they are back-bitten sir, for they haue maruailes foule linnen.

*Shal.* V Vell conceited Dauy, about thy businesse Dauy.

*Dauy* I beseech you sir to countenance V Villiam Visor of Woncote against Clement Perkes a'th hill.

*Sha.* There is many complaints Dauy against that Visor, that Visor is an arrant knaue on my knowledge.

*Dauy* I graunt your worship that he is a knaue sir: but yet God forbid sir, but a knaue should haue some countenance at his friends request, an honest man sir is able to speake for himselfe, when a knaue is not: I haue seru'de your worship truly sir this eight yeares, and I cannot once, or twice in a quarter beare out a knaue against an honest man, I haue litle credit with your worship: the knaue is mine honest friend sir, therfore I beseech you let him be countenaunst.

*Shal.* Go to I ſay, he ſhal haue no wrong, look about Dauy: where are you ſir Iohn? come, come, come, off with your boots, giue me your hand maſter Bardolfe.

*Bard.* I am glad to ſee your worſhip.

*Shal* I thank thee with my heart kind maſter Bardolfe, and welcome my tall fellow, come ſir Iohn.

*Falſt.* Ile follow you good maiſter Robert Shallow: Bardolfe, looke to our horſes: if I were ſawed into quantities, I ſhould make foure dozen of ſuch berded hermites ſtaues as maiſter Shallow: it is a wonderfull thing to ſee the ſemblable coherence of his mens ſpirits, and his, they, by obſeruing him, do beare themſelues like fooliſh Iuſtices: hee, by conuerſing with them, is turned into a Iuſtice-like ſeruingman, their ſpirits are ſo married in coniunction, with the participation of ſociety, that they flocke together in conſent, like ſo many wild-geeſe. If I had a ſuite to maſter Shallow, I would humour his men with the imputation, of beeing neere their maiſter: if to his men, I would curry with maiſter Shallow, that no man could better commaund his ſeruants. It is certaine, that eyther wiſe bearing, or ignorant cariage is caught, as men take diſeaſes one of another: therefore let men take heede of their company. I will deuiſe matter enough out of this Shallow, to keepe prince Harry in continuall laughter, the wearing out of ſixe faſhions, which is foure termes, or two actions, and a ſhal laugh without interuallums. O it is much that a lie, with a ſlight oathe, and a ieſt, with a ſad browe, will doe with a fellow that neuer had the ach in his ſhoulders: O you ſhall ſee him laugh til his face be like a wet cloake ill laide vp.

*Shal.* Sir Iohn.

*Falſt.* I come maiſter Shallow, I come maſter Shallow.

*Enter Warwike, duke Humphrey, L. chiefe Iuſtice, Thomas Clarence, Prince, Iohn Weſtmerland.*

*War.* How now, my lord chiefe Iuſtice, whither away?

*Iuſt.* How doth the King?

*War.* Exceeding well, his cares are now all ended.

*Iuſt.* I hope not dead.

*War.*



*War.* Hees walkt the way of nature,
And to our purpoſes he liues no more.

*Iuſt.* I would his Maieſtie had calld me with him:
The ſeruice that I truely did his life,
Hath left me open to all iniuries.

*War.* Indeede I thinke the yong King loues you not.

*Iuſt.* I know he doth not, and do arme my ſelfe
To welcome the condition of the time,
Which cannot looke more hideouſly vpon me,
Than I haue drawne it in my fantaſie.

*Enter Iohn, Thomas, and Humphrey.*

*War.* Heere come the heauy iſſue of dead Harry:
O that the liuing Harry had the temper
Of he, the worſt of theſe three gentlemen!
How many Nobles then ſhould holde their places,
That muſt ſtrike ſaile to ſpirites of vile ſort?

*Iuſt.* O God, I feare all will be ouer-turnd.

*Iohn* Good morrow cooſin Warwicke, good morrow.

*Prin. ambo* Good morrow cooſin.

*Iohn* We meete like men that had forgot to ſpeake.

*War.* We do remember, but our argument
Is all too heauy to admit much talke.

*Iohn* Well, peace be with him that hath made vs heauy.

*Iuſt.* Peace be with vs, leſt we be heauier.

*Humph.* O good my lord, you haue loſt a friend indeede,
And I dare ſweare you borrow not that face
Of ſeeming ſorrow, it is ſure your owne.

*Iohn* Though no man be aſſurde what grace to finde,
You ſtand in coldeſt expectation,
I am the ſorier, would twere otherwiſe.

*Cla.* Well, you muſt now ſpeake ſir Iohn Falſtaffe faire,
Which ſwimmes againſt your ſtreame of quallitie.

*Iuſt.* Sweet princes, what I did, I did in honor,
Led by th'impartiall conduct of my ſoule.
And neuer ſhall you ſee that I will begge
A ragged and foreſtald remiſſion,

If

If truth and vpright innocencie faile me.
Ile to the King my maister that is dead,
And tell him who hath sent me after him. *Enter the Prince and Blunt*
*War.* Here comes the Prince.
*Iust.* Good morrow, and God saue your maiestie.
*Prince* This new and gorgeous garment Maiesty
Sits not so easie on me, as you thinke:
Brothers, you mixt your sadnesse with some feare,
This is the English, not the Turkish court,
Not Amurath an Amurath succeedes,
But Harry Harry: yet be sad, good brothers,
For by my faith it very well becomes you:
Sorrow so royally in you appeares,
That I will deeply put the fashion on,
And weare it in my heart: why then be sad,
But entertaine no more of it, good brothers,
Then a ioynt burden layd vpon vs all,
For me, by heauen (I bid you be assurde)
Ile be your father, and your brother too,
Let me but beare your loue, Ile beare your cares:
Yet weepe that Harries dead, and so will I,
But Harry liues, that shal conuert those teares
By number into howres of happinesse.
*Bro.* We hope no otherwise from your maiesty.
*Prince* You al looke strangely on me, and you most,
You are I thinke assurde I loue you not.
*Iust.* I am assurde, if I be measurde rightly,
Your maiesty hath no iust cause to hate me.
*Prince* No? how might a prince of my great hopes forget,
So great indignities you laid vpon me?
What, rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison,
Th'immediate heire of England? was this easie?
May this be washt in lethy and forgotten?
*Iust.* I then did vse the person of your father,
The image of his power lay then in me,
And in th'administration of his law,





Whiles I was busie for the common wealth,
Your Highnesse pleased to forget my place,
The maiestie and power of law and iustice,
The image of the King whom I presented,
And strooke me in my very seate of iudgement,
Whereon, (as an offendor to your father,)
I gaue bold way to my authority,
And did commit you: if the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
To haue a sonne set your decrees at naught?
To plucke downe Iustice from your awful bench?
To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword,
That guards the peace and safetie of your person?
Nay more, to spurne at your most royall image,
And mocke your workings in a second body?
Question your royall thoughts, make the case yours,
Be now the father, and propose a sonne,
Heare your owne dignity so much prophan'd,
See your most dreadfull lawes so loosely slighted,
Behold your selfe so by a sonne disdained:
And then imagine me taking your part,
And in your power soft silencing your sonne,
After this cold considerance sentence me,
And as you are a King, speake in your state,
What I haue done that misbecame my place,
My person, or my lieges soueraignetie.
*Prince* You are right Iustice, and you weigh this well,
Therefore still beare the Ballance and the Sword,
And I do wish your honors may encrease,
Til you do liue to see a sonne of mine
Offend you, and obey you as I did:
So shall I liue to speake my fathers words,
Happie am I that haue a man so bold,
That dares do iustice on my proper sonne:
And not lesse happie, hauing such a sonne,
That would deliuer vp his greatnesse so,

Into the hands of Iuſtice you did commit me:
For which I do commit into your hand,
Th'vnſtained ſword that you haue vſde to beare,
With this remembrance, that you vſe the ſame
With the like bold, iuſt, and impartial ſpirit,
As you haue done gainſt me: there is my hand,
You ſhall be as a father to my youth,
My voice ſhall ſound as you do prompt mine eare,
And I wil ſtoope and humble my intents,
To your well practizde wiſe directions.
And princes all, beleeue me I beſeech you,
My father is gone wild into his graue:
For in his toomb lie my affections,
And with his ſpirites ſadly I ſuruiue,
To mocke the expectation of the world,
To fruſtrate prophecies, and to race out,
Rotten opinion, who hath writ me downe
After my ſeeming, the tide of bloud in me
Hath prowdely flowd in vanitie till now:
Now doth it turne, and ebbe backe to the ſea,
Where it ſhall mingle with the ſtate of flouds,
And flow henceforth in formall maieſtie.
Now call we our high court of parliament,
And let vs chuſe ſuch limbs of noble counſaile,
That the great bodie of our ſtate may goe,
In equall ranke with the beſt gouernd Nation,
That warre, or peace, or both at once, may be,
As things acquainted and familiar to vs,
In which your father ſhall haue formoſt hand:
Our coronation done, we wil accite,
(As I before remembred) all our ſtate,
And (God conſigning to my good intents,)
No prince nor peere ſhall haue iuſt cauſe to ſay,
God ſhorten Harries happy life one day. *exit.*

*Enter ſir Iohn, Shallow, Scilens, Dauy, Bardolfe, page.*

*Shal.* Nay you ſhall ſee my orchard, where, in an arbour we will



will eate a laſt yeeres pippen of mine owne graffing, with a diſh of carrawaies and ſo forth: come coſin Scilens, and then to bed.

*Falſt.* Fore God you haue here goodly dwelling, and rich.

*Shal.* Barraine, barraine, barraine, beggars all, beggars all ſir Iohn, mary good ayre: ſpread Dauy, ſpread Dauy, well ſaide Dauy.

*Fal.* This Dauy ſerues you for good vſes, hee is your ſeruing-man, and your husband.

*Shal.* A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet ſir Iohn: by the mas I haue drunke too much ſacke at ſupper: a good varlet: now ſit downe, now ſit downe, come coſin.

*Scilens* A ſirra quoth a, we ſhall do nothing but eate and make good cheere, and praiſe God for the merry yeere, when fleſh is cheape and females deare, and luſty laddes roame here and there ſo merely, and euer among ſo merily.

*ſir Iohn* Theres a merry heart, good M. Silens, ile giue you a health for that anon.

*Shal.* Giue maſter Bardolfe ſome wine, Dauy.

*Dauy* Sweet ſir ſit, ile be with you anon, moſt ſweet ſir ſit, maſter Page, good maſter Page ſit: proface, what you want in meate, weele haue in drink, but you muſt beare, the heart's al.

*Shal.* Be mery maſter Bardolfe, and my litle ſouldier there, be merry.

*Scilens* Be merry, be mery, my wife has all, for women are ſhrowes both ſhort and tall, tis merry in hal when beards wags all, and welcome mery ſhrouetide, be mery, be mery.

*Falſt.* I did not thinke maſter Scilens had bin a man of this mettall.

*Scilens* Who I? I haue beene mery twice and once ere now.

*Enter Dauy.*

*Dauy* Theres a diſh of Lether-coates for you.

*Shal.* Dauy?

*Dauy* Your worſhip: Ile be with you ſtraight, a cup of wine ſir.

*Scilens* A cup of wine thats briske and fine, and drinke vnto

the leman mine, and a mery heart liues long a.

*Falſt.* Well ſaid maſter Scilens.

*Scilens* And we ſhall be mery, now comes in the ſweete a'th night.

*Falſt* Health and long life to you maſter Scilens.

*Scilens* Fill the cuppe, and let it come, ile pledge you a mile too'th bottome.

*Shal.* Honeſt Bardolfe, welcome, if thou wantſt any thing, and wilt not call, beſhrew thy heart, welcome my little tiny theefe, and welcome indeede too, Ile drink to maſter Bardolfe, and to all the cabileros about London.

*Dauy* I hope to ſee London once ere I die.

*Bar.* And I might ſee you there Dauy!

*Shal.* By the mas youle crack a quarte together, ha will you not maſter Bardolfe?

*Bar.* Yea ſir, in a pottle pot.

*Sha.* By Gods liggens I thanke thee, the knaue will ſticke by thee, I can aſſure thee that a wil not out, a tis true bred!

*Bar.* And ile ſtick by him ſir. *One knockes at doore.*

*Sha.* Why there ſpoke a King: lacke nothing, be mery, looke who's at doore there ho, who knockes?

*Falſt.* Why now you haue done me right.

*Silens* Do me right, and dub me Knight, ſamingo: iſt not ſo?

*Falſt.* Tis ſo.

*Silens* Iſt ſo, why then ſay an olde man can do ſomewhat.

*Dauy* And't pleaſe your worſhip, theres one Piſtoll come from the court with newes. *enter Piſtol.*

*Falſt.* From the Court? let him come in, how now Piſtol?

*Piſtol* Sir Iohn, God ſaue you.

*Falſt.* What wind blew you hither Piſtol?

*Piſtol* Not the ill winde which blowes no man to good: ſweete Knight, thou art now one of the greateſt men in this Realme.

*Silens* Birlady I think a be, but goodman Puffe of Barſon.

*Piſto* Puffe? Puffe ith thy teeth, moſt recreant coward, baſe, ſir Iohn, I am thy Piſtol and thy frend, and helter skelter, haue





I rode to thee, and tidings do I bring, and luckie ioyes, and golden times, and happy news of price.

*Iohn* I pray thee now deliuer them like a man of this world.

*Piſtol* A footre for the world and worldlings baſe, I ſpeake of Affrica and golden ioyes.

*Iohn* O baſe Aſſirian Knight! what is thy newes? let King Couetua know the truth thereof.

*Scilens* And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and Iohn.

*Piſtol* Shal dunghill curs confront the Helicons? and ſhall good newes be baffled? then Piſtoll lay thy head in Furies lap.

*Shal.* Honeſt gentleman, I know not your breeding.

*Piſtol* Why then lament therefore.

*Shal.* Giue me pardon ſir, if ſir you come with newes from the court, I take it theres but two waies, either to vtter them, or conceale them, I am ſir vnder the King in ſome authoritie.

*Piſtol* Vnder which King, Beſonian? ſpeake, or die.

*Shal.* Vnder King Harry.

*Piſtol* Harry the fourth, or fift?

*Shal.* Harry the fourth.

*Piſt* A fowtre for thine office: ſir Iohn, thy tender lambkin now is King: Harry the fifts the man: I ſpeake the truth: when Piſtol lies, do this, and fig me, like the bragging ſpaniard.

*Falſt* What is the old King dead?

*Piſtol* As nayle in doore, the things I ſpeake are iuſt.

*Fal.* Away Bardolfe, ſaddle my horſe, M. Robert Shallow, chooſe what office thou wilt in the land, tis thine: Piſtol, I will double charge thee with dignities.

*Bard.* O ioyful day! I would not take a Knight for my fortune.

*Piſtol* What? I do bring good newes.

*Falſt.* Carry maſter Scilens to bed: maſter Shallow, my lord Shalow, be what thou wilt, I am fortunes ſteward, get on thy boots, weel ride al night: ô ſweet Piſtol, away Bardolf, com Piſtol, vtter more to me, and withall, deuiſe ſomething to doe thy ſelfe good, boote, boote maſter Shallow, I know the yong

King is ſicke for me: let vs take any mans horſes, the lawes of England are at my commandement, bleſſed are they that haue bin my friends, and woe to my Lord chiefe Iuſtice.

*Piſt.* Let vultures vile ſeize on his lungs alſo: where is the life that late I led, ſay they, why here it is, welcome theſe pleſant dayes. *exit.*

*Enter Sincklo and three or foure officers.*

*Hoſt.* No, thou arrant knaue, I would to God that I might die, that I might haue thee hangd, thou haſt drawn my ſhoulder out of ioynt.

*Sincklo* The Conſtables haue deliuered her ouer to mee, and ſhee ſhal haue whipping cheere I warrant her, there hath beene a man or two kild about her.

*Whoore* Nut-hooke, Nut-hooke, you lie, come on, Ile tell thee what, thou damnd tripe viſagde raſcall, and the child I go with, do miſcarry, thou wert better thou hadſt ſtrook thy mother, thou paper-facde villaine.

*Hoſt.* O the Lord, that ſir Iohn were come! I would make this a bloody day to ſome body: but I pray God the fruite of her wombe miſcarry.

*Sincklo.* If it doe, you ſhall haue a dozzen of cuſhions againe, you haue but eleuen nowe: come, I charge you both goe with mee, for the man is dead that you and Piſtoll beat amongſt you.

*Whoore* Ile tell you what, you thin man in a cenſor, I will haue you as ſoundly ſwingde for this, you blew bottle rogue, you filthy famiſht correctioner, if you be not ſwingde, Ile forſweare halfe kirtles.

*Sinck.* Come, come, you ſhee-Knight-arrant, come.

*Hoſt.* O God, that right ſhould thus ouercom might! wel, of ſufferance comes eaſe.

*Whoore* Come you rogue, come bring me to a iuſtice.

*Hoſt.* I come, you ſtarude blood-hound.

*Whoore* Goodman death, goodman bones.

*Hoſt.* Thou Atomy, thou.

*Whoore* Come you thinne thing, come you raſcall.

*Sincklo*



*Sinck.* Very well.

*Enter ſtrewers of ruſhes.*

1 More ruſhes, more ruſhes.

2 The trumpets haue ſounded twice.

3 Twill be two a clocke ere they come from the coronation, diſpatch, diſpatch.

*Trumpets ſound, and the King, and his traine paſſe ouer the ſtage: after them enter Falſtaffe, Shallow, Piſtol, Bardolfe, and the Boy.*

*Falſt.* Stand heere by me maiſter Shallow, I will make the King doe you grace, I will leere vpon him as a comes by, and do but marke the countenaunce that he will giue me.

*Piſt.* God bleſſe thy lungs good Knight.

*Falſt.* Come heere Piſtoll, ſtand behinde mee. O if I had had time to haue made new liueries: I woulde haue beſtowed the thouſand pound I borrowed of you, but tis no matter, this poore ſhew doth better, this doth inferre the zeale I had to ſee him.

*Piſt.* It doth ſo.

*Falſt.* It ſhewes my earneſtneſſe of affection.

*Piſt.* It doth ſo.

*Falſt.* My deuotion.

*Piſt.* It doth, it doth, it doth.

*Fal.* As it were to ride day & night, and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to haue pacience to ſhift me.

*Shal* It is beſt certain: but to ſtand ſtained with trauaile, and ſweating with deſire to ſee him, thinking of nothing els, putting all affaires elſe in obliuion, as if there were nothing els to bee done, but to ſee him.

*Piſt.* Tis *ſemper idem*, for, *obſque hoc nihil eſt*, tis in euery part.

*Shal.* Tis ſo indeede.

*Piſt.* My Knight, I will inflame thy noble liuer, and make thee rage, thy Dol, and Helen of thy noble thoughts, is in baſe durance, and contagious priſon, halde thither by moſt mechanical, and durtie hand: rowze vp reuenge from Ebon den, with

fell

fell Alectoes ſnake, for Doll is in : Piſtoll ſpeakes nought but truth.

*Falſt.* I will deliuer her.

*Piſt.* There roared the ſea, and trumpet Clangor ſounds.

*Enter the King and his traine.*

*Falſt.* God ſaue thy grace King Hall, my royall Hall.

*Piſt.* The heauens thee gard and keep, moſt royal impe of fame.

*Falſt.* God ſaue thee, my ſweet boy.

*King* My Lord chiefe iuſtice, ſpeake to that vaine man.

*Iuſt.* Haue you your wits? know you what tis you ſpeake?

*Falſt.* My King, my Ioue, I ſpeake to thee, my heart.

*King* I know thee not old man, fall to thy praiers,
How ill white heires becomes a foole and ieſter,
I haue long dreampt of ſuch a kind of man,
So ſurfet-ſweld, ſo old, and ſo prophane:
But being awakt, I do deſpiſe my dreame,
Make leſſe thy body (hence) and more thy grace,
Leaue gourmandizing, know the graue doth gape
For thee, thrice wider then for other men,
Reply not to me with a foole-borne ieſt,
Preſume not that I am the thing I was,
For God doth know, ſo ſhall the world perceiue,
That I haue turnd away my former ſelfe,
So will I thoſe that kept me company:
When thou doſt heare I am as I haue bin,
Approch me, and thou ſhalt be as thou waſt,
The tutor and the feeder of my riots:
Till then I baniſh thee, on paine of death,
As I haue done the reſt of my miſleaders,
Not to come neare our perſon by ten mile:
For competence of life, I wil allow you,
That lacke of meanes enforce you not to euills,
And as we heare you do reforme your ſelues,
We will according to your ſtrengths and qualities,
Giue you aduauncement. Be it your charge, my lord,





To ſee performd the tenure of my word: ſet on.

*Iohn* Maſter Shallow I ow you a thouſand pound.

*Shal.* Yea mary ſir Iohn, which I beſeech you to let me haue home with me.

*Iohn* That can hardly be, maſter Shalow: do not you grieue at this, I ſhall be ſent for in priuate to him, looke you, hee muſt ſeeme thus to the world: feare not your aduauncements, I will be the man yet that ſhal make you great.

*Shal.* I cannot perceiue how, vnleſſe you giue me your dublet, and ſtuffe me out with ſtraw : I beſeech you good ſir Iohn let me haue fiue hundred of my thouſand.

*Iohn* Sir I will be as good as my worde, this that you heard was but a collour.

*Shall.* A collor that I feare you will die in ſir Iohn.

*Iohn* Feare no colours, go with me to dinner:
Come lieftenant Piſtol, come Bardolfe, *Enter Iuſtice and prince Iohn*
I ſhall be ſent for ſoone at night.

*Iuſtice* Go cary ſir Iohn Falſtalfe to the Fleet,
Take all his company along with him.

*Fal.* My lord, my lord.

*Iuſt.* I cannot now ſpeake, I will heare you ſoone, take them away. *exeunt.*

*Piſt. Si fortuna me tormenta ſpero contenta.*

*Iohn* I like this faire proceeding of the Kings,
He hath intent his wonted followers
Shall all be very well prouided for,
But all are baniſht till their conuerſations
Appeare more wiſe and modeſt to the worlde.

*Iuſt.* And ſo they are.

*Iohn* The King hath cald his parlament my lord.

*Iuſt.* He hath.

*Iohn* I wil lay ods, that ere this yeere expire,
We beare our ciuil ſwords and natiue fier,
As farre as France, I heard a bird ſo ſing,
Whoſe muſique, to my thinking, pleaſde the King:
Come, will you hence?

Firſt my feare then my curſie, laſt my ſpeech.
My feare, is your diſpleaſure, my curſy, my duty, & my ſpeech, to beg your pardons: if you looke for a good ſpeech now, you vndo me, for what I haue to ſay is of mine owne making, and what indeed (I ſhould ſay) wil (I doubt) proue mine own marring: but to the purpoſe, and ſo to the venture. Be it knowne to you, as it is very well, I was lately here in the end of a diſpleaſing play, to pray your patience for it, and to promiſe you a better: I meant indeed to pay you with this, which if like an il venture it come vnluckily home, I breake, and you my gentle creditors looſe, here I promiſde you I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercies, bate me ſome, and I will pay you ſome, and (as moſt debtors do) promiſe you infinitely: and ſo I kneele downe before you; but indeed, to pray for the Queene.

If my tongue cannot intreate you to acquit mee, will you commaund me to vſe my legges? And yet that were but light payment, to daunce out of your debt, but a good conſcience will make any poſſible ſatisfaction, and ſo woulde I: all the Gentlewomen heere haue forgiuen me, if the Gentlemen will not, then the Gentlemen doe not agree with the Gentlewomen, which was neuer ſeene in ſuch an aſſemblie.

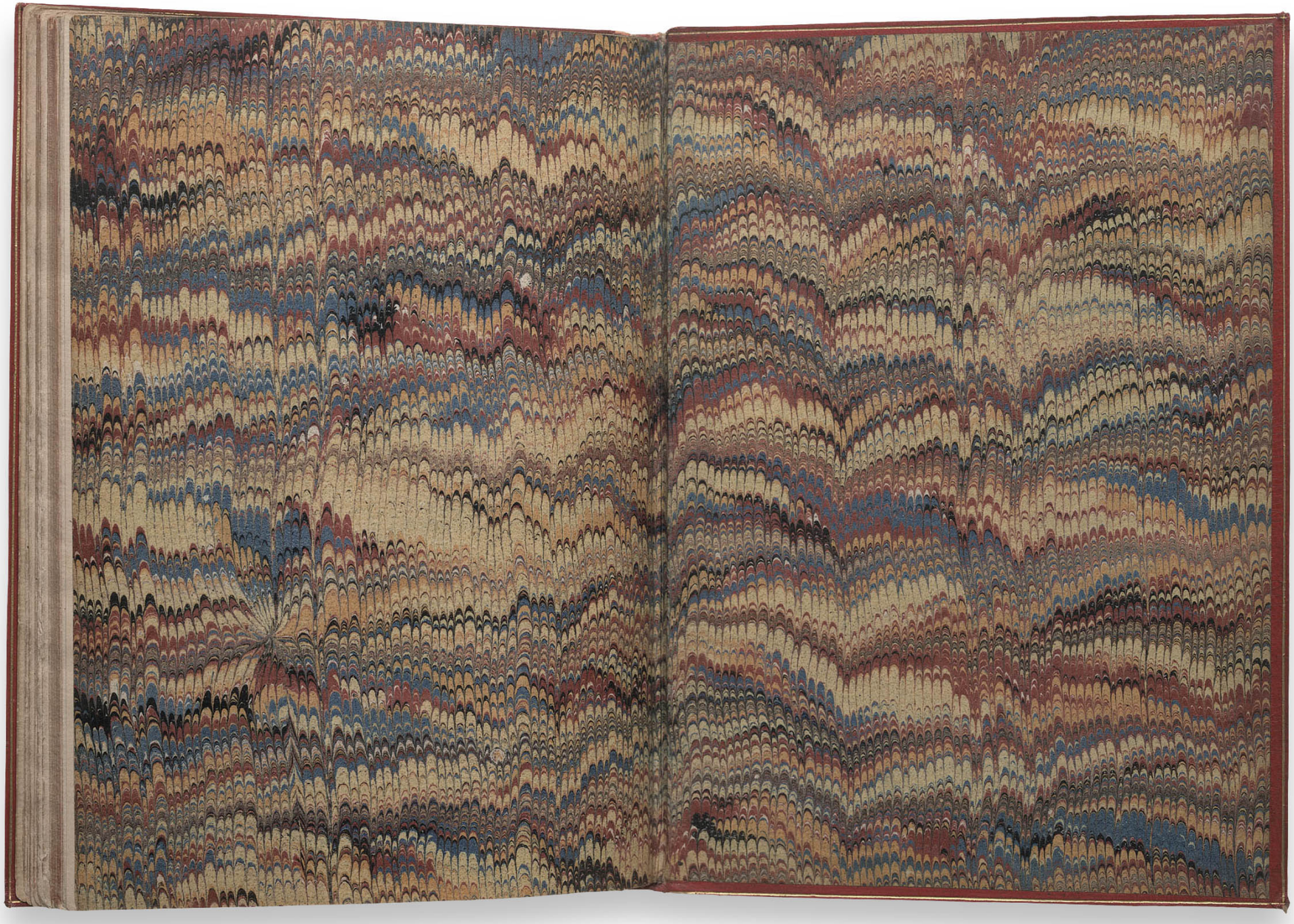
One word more I beſeech you, if you bee not too much cloyd with fatte meate, our humble Author will continue the ſtorie, with ſir Iohn in it, and make you merry with faire Katharine of Fraunce, where (for any thing I knowe) Falſtaffe ſhall die of a ſweat, vnleſſe already a be killd with your harde opinions; for Olde-caſtle died Martyre, and this is not the man: my tongue is weary, when my legges are too, I wil bid you, good night.

FINIS.

## DEPARTMENT OF MANUSCRIPTS

Record of Treatment, Extraction, Repair, etc.

of ~~M.S.~~ no. C34 k12

| Date | Particulars | Name |
|---|---|---|
| 12.02.2003 | Front endleaves and initial section reinforced. Kozo, tengujo and wasp. | RJ. |

MSS SR7 7/75 7961 351136 8m H&S(P)Ltd Gp841